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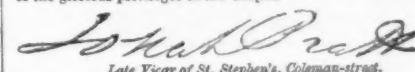
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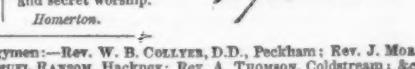
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THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The absence of our "Lounger" from town must be our excuse for the nonappearance of the Literary "Sayings and Doings."

RÉUNION DES ARTS.

The last meeting for the season of this pleasant society took place on Wednesday last, the entertainments of so many months being concluded with a concert, which introduced to the visitors in the crowded rooms one of the most accomplished pianists that has appeared among us for some years. This admirable artist is a Parisian, Madame Massart, and she is remarkable especially for power of expression. We have seen more wonderful feats of fingering; we have stared at more extraordinary difficulties, made to be overcome; but we never enjoyed so fully that which is the true object of music, the expression of the composer's sentiments. Madame Massart made the instrument speak. She was rapturously applauded.

We congratulate the directors of this charming society on the success that has attended their efforts, and the increasing numbers they are attracting by their spirited management. The *Réunion* is in fact a public conversazione, conducted precisely as is a private one. Large drawing-rooms, handsomely furnished and supplied with pictures, engravings, and divers objects of art, are devoted to music, conversation, and the display of the art-novelties of the season. Refreshments are liberally provided, and whatever taste can desire is there. The whole house is occupied by the society; and we trust that the next season will open with a still extended list of members desirous of availing themselves of its many attractions.

AN APPEAL.

THE young authoress of some successful novels is at the time of our writing this lying dead, after a terrible illness of three years, borne with pious fortitude, though accompanied with the privations of poverty. Her father was in the East India Company's service. He died young, leaving a widow and two daughters, with only the small pension which that service allows to the lower ranks of its officers. The pen of one of the daughters produced a small addition to their pittance, but enough to keep them above want. Three years ago she was seized with the malady that has now terminated her life. Still, in defiance of anguish and weakness, she toiled on, until nature could endure no more. Then not only did the family lose her aid—she became an added burden; for sickness has wants that cannot be supplied so cheaply as those of health and appetite. We will not pain the reader with a description of their sufferings; enough to say that their resources are exhausted; that they have no relatives who can help them; that they have not the means to meet even the funeral expenses; that it is a case of real distress, where charity can be worthily bestowed. For obvious reasons we do not state the names of the sufferers; but we vouch for the facts, and we have published them in the hope that they may meet the eyes of some who possess the ability and the will to help the widow and the fatherless. Any sums transmitted to the *CRITIC* office by the charitable for their assistance in this time of tribulation, shall be bestowed in relieving from the immediate pressure of want those whom the deceased authoress had laboured so long to help, but whom she can help no more.

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE position of literary men is a subject which has long attracted the anxious attention, not only of their own class, but of all who have the welfare of society at heart. Literature has been said by a great autho-

rity to be a good staff but a bad crutch; and, if looked at in the light of a profession, it certainly does not offer any great inducements to its adoption. Here and there we find a "man of letters" occupying a high social position *as such*. DICKENS and THACKERAY, in our own day, and SOUTHEY among the generation just passed away, may serve as instances; but cases such as these are few and far between; and undoubtedly the opinion is not without foundation that he who devotes himself to literature devotes himself to poverty. But there is another current notion, which does not appear to be equally borne out by fact, viz. that literary men are not held in sufficient estimation—that enough is not done for them—that an advantageous contrast might be made between their situation in this country and that which they occupy in France and Germany. On this subject we have jeremiads without end, and because novelists and poets are not made Ministers of the Crown, raised to titles and dignities as often as the *genus irritabile* may think their due, Literature, forsooth, is neglected!

Now, on this subject we are bound to raise a voice in favour of the subject. It does not neglect its literary benefactors. The very fact of being an author is a social distinction of considerable value; and, though their numbers may seem vast when regarded in a mass, yet, when spread throughout the millions of our population, they are rare enough to be looked upon as something above the common run of mankind. There is, and can be, no doubt that many a man is received into circles which would otherwise be hermetically sealed against him, were it not for his quality as an author; and this principle will be found to pervade the whole social and the whole literary body. The small writer will be received into the smaller, the great writer into the larger circle; but each will find a sphere of influence, and an amount of consideration, which he owes entirely to literature. It is quite true that this is not always honourable to either party. The wretched *exposé* made by Lord JOHN RUSSELL of his *friend* MOORE would be quite sufficient to prove this, even were other instances wanting. Dukes of Bedford will in all ages be found who like to have people about them to amuse them, and MOORES willing at any cost to amuse Dukes and Duchesses. Neither can the barriers which habit, rather than pride, raises up between the various classes of society be easily broken down; and hence the admission to a higher circle than that in which we habitually move is at the best a very questionable advantage. So far, however, as it is a benefit, literary men have it in this country quite as decidedly as in France or Germany. To realise this we must endeavour to form some idea of what the literary class really is; for not merely authors, properly so called, belong to it, but the vast mass of persons who gain their living by their pen—there are the editors, sub-editors, reporters, correspondents, and writers of and for the thousands of daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals, from the penny-a-liner to the dignified editor of the quarterly journal; and while some of these must necessarily be men of high position and extensive learning, others, and those a large majority, may be as utterly contemptible for their want of information as they often are unhappy for want of principle.

Another circumstance to be noted is, that the best authors are, with few exceptions, those with whom literature is not a profession. The labour of the lawyer is not unfrequently beguiled with history and science. Medicine has a literature of its own. The clergy are to a great extent the teachers of the age in other matters besides theology. The army and navy are taking up a position in the literary world; also peers and senators become authorities on politics and economy through the press; and the department of fictitious literature has fallen almost wholly into the hands of ladies. Some of these are merely seeking agreeable employment for leisure time; others to increase or obtain a reputation; a few because they have something to say and are under a necessity of saying it; and the greater number write because they hope thereby to advance their professional interests.

Now when we look to the motives which induce any particular act, we cannot think him unwarred who obtains the very object for which the act in question was performed. He who writes for fame rarely fails in winning fame. He who writes for money is in the condition of a merchant, and his reward must depend on the state of the market; and when it is considered how excessively common the qualifications are for the lower departments of literature, we must never be astonished to find the market overstocked. The very fact that literature should ever be a profession is in itself an anomaly; it is a taking it for granted that the man who adopts it shall have daily, weekly, or monthly, something to say which it shall gravely concern the world to hear; it is analogous to the "Friend" who prearranges that he shall be "moved by the spirit" to speak on Tuesday evening at half-past seven o'clock; it is like the enthusiasm of a speech or a sermon coolly got up in the closet. It arises from the impatience of the age; men must have their periodical dose of amusement or excitement; and, as the article is in demand, the market is supplied. The literary class to which this state of things gives rise is that which writes to order; it adapts its productions to the tastes which prevail, and they are consequently ephemeral, like the fashions

they consult. Few give utterance to the burning words of genius, speaking because constrained by the spirit that is in them, and careless of any other reward than that of having impressed the world with those truths which they were commissioned to reveal. Now the person who, under these circumstances, takes up literature as the means of gaining a living, must lay his account with finding it a very poor one. He is a manufacturer of books; and books, as articles of sale, stand in a very different relation to quartet loaves and legs of mutton. The demand for them is a capricious demand, satisfied *after* all others, and declining *before* all others. The return can rarely be received immediately by the producer; it comes through an intermediate agent, who always absorbs a large part of the profits, and not unfrequently the whole. Again, to be a successful author (as to gains) requires a peculiar tact and sagacity in ascertaining the present state of public inclination; and this is by no means a common gift; it is not often enjoyed even by publishers, who have far better opportunities for acquiring it than authors have, and to whom it is at least of as much consequence.

There is yet another disadvantage to the writer by profession, and that is, the competition, the unfair competition (commercially speaking), which he has to sustain with those who are wholly or partly amateurs. More than half the books which are published are never paid for at all—a large proportion are never expected to be paid for. We know ladies who write novels—good novels too—and admit that they do no more than keep the fair authoress in gloves! Gentlemen write for reputation; many write anonymously, and in periodicals, for the sake of influence; many more for the sake of adding a trifle to an income gained by other sources; more still for mere amusement;—and with all these, for the most part more happy in circumstances, able to select their own subjects, and not unfrequently more able and more highly educated than himself, the professional *literateur* has to compete. We shall not pause to examine the way in which publishers treat their "hacks"—the small remuneration afforded, the discouragements offered, and the severe and minute criticism exercised—neither shall we speak of the piracy and brigandage, the preying upon each other's brains, which is but too common among a large class of "men of letters." We have, without these, shown reasons abundant why the mere literary man must expect to be poor man.

But, like all other poor men, he is a married man, with a large family; and, like *all* men, the time comes when his strength fails him, and he can work no longer. What then is to become of him and his children? This melancholy problem has attracted the attention of the educated world for many years, and does not appear nearer to a solution now than at any past period. The provident rarely can, the improvident never will, make provision against a rainy day. The pension-list might be enlarged to advantage; but how few can expect to avail themselves of this resource. The Literary Fund can offer only temporary help, and the decayed author is actually worse off than the decayed clergyman.

What we have said of literature may be applied *mutatis mutandis* to art. The latter is, however, more remunerative, and its ranks are less crowded. It presents, therefore, fewer pictures of extreme misery, and many more of brilliant success: yet its members are even less provident than literary men; and if they fail there are fewer sources of relief open to them. We believe that to Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTON the scheme is due of establishing a "Guild of Literature and Art," which should combine the advantages of an insurance society and a benevolent institution—should afford relief to those who temporarily required it, confer pensions on those who had merited well of the public, have its own scale of honours as well as of benefits, and be incorporated by Act of Parliament. The idea itself was not new; it has been carried partially into effect for the working classes of this country, with great success by the Birkbeck Insurance Company. More recently a scheme has been concocted for the clergy by the Rev. J. B. Sweet, which associates the wealthy among the body as honorary members, paying their subscription, but claiming no benefit in return. These two plans joined make that of Sir EDWARD'S GUILD. Now the first thing to be considered is, whether there be any necessity for such an incorporation. This necessity has been strenuously asserted, and as strenuously denied. Our previous remarks will have led the reader to judge what our own opinions on this subject will be. We contend that literary men have no right to complain of the age; that as much is done for them as they have any right to expect; that honour is given where honour is due; and that commercial speculations in book-making ought to follow the same rule and abide the same results as commercial speculations in any other way. But we are by no means blind to the distresses of a class, because we think no injustice is done to it; and the cases made known to and by the council of the proposed GUILD are, in our estimation, such as to warrant its formation. Let us take the case of THOMAS HOOD—a man of genius, of high character, and varied attainments; he had been labouring in the cause of humanity during his whole life; he had softened down many prejudices, had fostered many kindly sympathies; all that he wrote

and did had a tendency to better the age he lived in; and yet he was hardly able to maintain his family in comfort, and altogether unable to make any permanent provision for them. Doubtless this good and gifted man was regarded with envy by hundreds of his brethren of the quill, and considered quite as much favoured by fortune as he was by nature. And how many of our best writers are in the same position? What would CHARLES LAMB have been had he not been a clerk in the East India House? What would TALFOURD have been, had he not been a lawyer? JAMES has taken shelter in a diplomatic appointment; and we find a thousand other proofs that, even under the most favourable circumstances, literature is but a poor profession.

But, though its members be poor, they are proudly and justifiably so. They are not objects for alms; and many an author of note would have been thankful for such aid as the Literary Fund could offer, if it had been possible for him to make up his mind to apply for it. Now, the object of the GUILD is twofold—it is, first, to encourage an *esprit de corps* among artists and literary men, to induce them to rely on themselves and on one another; to show them how strong a class they are, and, by uniting them, to spread good and repress unworthy principles among them; to awaken them, not individually, but corporately, to a sense of their important mission; to put into their mouths when they look on any grand production of genius the sublime words, “*ancie io son pittore*,” or “*ancie io son scrittore*,” as the case may be, and to excite a full appreciation of their import. As it is, there is no class which has so little community of feeling as the literary; and, as a necessary consequence, there is no class among which detraction, envy, and uncharitableness are so rife. One of the objects of the GUILD is to establish that *esprit de corps*. Another, and perhaps the primary object, though we have here placed it in the second place, is to make some provision for the unfortunate. This is to be done by means of an insurance society; but its benefits are to be increased to those who need them by having a class of paying, but not receiving members; these are honorary members of the GUILD; their contributions go to swell the general funds, but they are not eligible to receive any benefits in return. Now, here lies our first objection. We wish to help a proud and sensitive, but poor man; we feel we should degrade him by offering him alms; and yet we propose to him to receive that which is only one step removed. I am an Archdeacon, or a Sergeant-at-law, or a Physician in lucrative practice, or a Member of Parliament, or a wealthy Country Gentleman, and I cannot offer ten

pounds to Mr. BROWN, the poet, or Mr. ROBINSON, the novelist, though I should like to do so, and he would be glad if his feelings would allow him to accept it. But I subscribe to Sir EDWARD'S GUILD because I have written a volume of Sermons or a treatise on the Law of Elections, or an essay on Cholera, or a political work, and thus indirectly I help BROWN or JONES by augmenting the funds from which they obtain what they require. But, when we meet, what sort of union does the GUILD establish between us? We are not equal members; I know that I pay and he receives, and he knows that I know it—that I am simply in the position of a pecuniary benefactor and he of a beneficiary member.

This is certainly not the way to establish an *esprit de corps*, or to help sensitive and cultivated men, without wounding their feelings. But there is no necessity for any such distinction; Sir E. B. LYTTON, Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, and Mr. RUSKIN are not likely to want relief from the GUILD. But why are they, on that account, to be placed in a separate class? It is mere ostentation—it is, in fact, saying, “Poor fellows! we are in very different position from yours; we are not likely to want money to pay our rent, or our boys' schooling, or our butcher's bill—we have a provision for our old age or time of sickness; but we will throw in our subscription. We don't want any return for it; take it and divide it among you.” Besides, who is there in a position to say this? There is the child of a Baronet in the Infant Orphan Asylum; there is a noble Lord, whose income is derived from those commercial companies at whose boards he sits as director. Banks may fail, estates may become incumbered, and riches make themselves wings and flee away. Those, then, who become members of the GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART should be all on the same terms; those who do not require need not claim—will not, *canas*, claim—it is aid; and they may subscribe in such a manner as to become entitled only to temporary assistance, and neither to a pension during life, nor to a sum payable to their representatives at death. If this be done, the effect will be most beneficial; a real bond of union will be established, and the GUILD will be what all Guilds should be—a brotherhood. Donations to a large amount, the produce of private theatricals, the profits of works devoted to the purpose—these are unobjectionable modes of aiding the design; but even these ought only to be received from members. And this brings us to the consideration of another feature in the proposed scheme. This is the establishment of a kind of fellowship, with an income and residence, provided there are advantages

and disadvantages in any mode of conferring these. If they are done by the council, there will be always a suspicion of clique; if by the body at large, there will be much trouble and inconvenience attending the election—of the two, however, the latter would be the preferable mode; and the only real difficulty would be so to apportion the qualification that no man should obtain the position simply because of his poverty, or simply because of his literary ability. Ladies, too, should be eligible to this beneficial distinction; and perhaps one third should be reserved for them.

But there is again an object which ought not to be lost sight of by those who examine the constitution of the proposed GUILD, as it has not been omitted from the contemplation of the founders—it is that of promoting a provident spirit among a class hitherto so little prone to it. Everything hitherto has worked against this. The gains of literary men have been proverbially precarious—sometimes considerable, sometimes *nil*. The spring has been an intermittent fountain, and they have too often taken “*carpe diem*,” in its lowest sense, for their motto. Anything which can render economy popular among them will be doing them an essential service; and if this can be done by associating them with the magnates of their profession, it is securing two excellent objects by one process.

Since the first publication of the plan there have been two important changes: it will be remembered that when we announced the scheme some time ago, we took exception to the manner in which it was proposed to recruit the ranks of the GUILD, viz., by election. Now, if it is to be an insurance society, no matter what other benefits are incorporated into it—all persons eligible, according to rule, must have admission on their application. The force of this has been felt, and the election scheme has been abandoned, though there seems some longing after it still traceable in the provisions of the Bill before Parliament.

Another alteration is, that the council, instead of being a permanent body, holding office for life, are to go out by rotation, so as to secure a succession of fresh energies: the body at large must look to it, that they do not render this advantage nugatory by frequent re-elections.

On the whole, the plan has our full approbation, and we should be glad to see all the literary men and artists in the kingdom become *ordinary* members of it; some because they will be making a respectable provision for the future, and others, because it is a graceful and unostentatious way of aiding their poorer brethren.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Psychological Inquiries: in a series of Essays, intended to illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organisation and the Mental Faculties. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.

We often wish that all books were, like this, published anonymously. It would be infinitely satisfactory to a reviewer to be freed from the suspicion, by being deprived of the possibility, of partiality or prejudice. He is a bold man—we say it advisedly—who tells the public, however truly, that a reigning favourite is falling off, or writing dull and sentimental nonsense. But he is a bolder man who draws from the mass an unknown Brown, Jones, or Robinson, and bids the world recognise him as a genius, or even a clever writer. Doubtless every review, every magazine, every journal, makes sad blunders occasionally in its distribution of praise and dispraise. But it is much, as in the present case, to have the judgment unbiassed by fame or obscurity. We like this book—like it much; and we have no more notion who the author is than that favourite type of innocent ignorance, the unborn babe.

At first we thought we recognised Helps in the classical structure, and accurate precision of the periods. There is the same neat rotundity of phrase, the same harmony of intonation and cadence. Every sentence has similarly been cast in a grammatical mould of the most faultless accuracy. Not an antithesis is wrongly balanced; not a colon nor comma misplaced. In Eubulus we thought that we detected the polished wisdom of Milverton; in Ergates we looked for the caustic logic of Ellesmere. Crites seemed meant to play the unobtrusive part of the attentive and diffident tutor; and, although we missed our shrewd and pleasant little Lucy, we thought that she had stopped at home only because young English ladies do not usually assist in physiological or psychological anatomy.

Perhaps, after all, we are right; and “Friends in Council,” ever welcome, have come before us with new names. We could wish it to be so; for we can pay this work no higher compliment than by affirming that it is quite worthy of Mr. Helps. It is true that we have not the happy, quaint, and dry humour by which the abstruseness of his subjects has been hitherto enlivened. We look in vain for those charming interludes—*tristia inesta foco*—where Ellesmere, by a few rough and original sallies, throws electric life into the necessary conventionalities of the lecture-room, or makes the humanity of himself and his friends playfully apparent in laughing aggressions on Lucy's womanly tact. We want some such delightful relief in the present volume; but otherwise we are quite willing to place it by the side of “Friends in Council,” and “Companions of my Solitude.”

In truth, it has the advantage or disadvantage of dealing with tougher material than either of those two charming works. They are reading for an easy chair, a sofa, or even a sick couch; but this is not a volume to be taken up, except when the head is clear and strong, and every critical faculty in serviceable order. But it is no less a popular as well as an able treatise on some very difficult subjects; and the comparison we have just instituted shows how high we are prepared to place it.

The book itself takes the form of conversations between three interlocutors. But they, as their names indicate, have no real personality, but merely an abstract existence. Eubulus (the happy and discreet suggestor) is the man of elegant *a priori* conception, whose fancies are checked and regulated by Ergates, the practical experimentalist. A shadowy arbiter (Crites) intervenes occasionally; but the dialogue is kept up almost exclusively by the first two characters.

The following extract from the introduction is a fair specimen of its tone and style. Eubulus, the retired gentleman, is congratulated by his

friends on the happiness of his country life. He replies thus:

I have reason, he answered, to be grateful to God for the many blessings which I enjoy. But do not speak of perfect leisure as one of them. It was very soon after I was established here that I made the discovery that it was necessary to my happiness that I should provide some new occupation for myself; and I succeeded in doing so. To those who have been brought up in idleness, a life of leisure is bad enough; and hence we find that the more energetic among them are glad to exchange it for some kind of active pursuit—politics, travelling, field-sports, horse-racing, gambling, accordingly as their natural tastes and accidental circumstances give one or another direction to their minds. The vulgar phrase of killing time very aptly expresses the feelings of many on this subject. But if a life of leisure be painful to such persons, what must it be to one like you or me, who have advanced beyond the middle period of life, without having had any experience of it? This is no speculative inquiry; it may be answered from actual observation. Not a few persons who abandon their employments under the impression that they will be happy in doing so, actually die of *ennui*. It induces bodily disease more than physical or mental labour. Others, indeed, survive the ordeal. But where the body does not suffer, the mind often does. I have known instances of persons whose habits have been suddenly changed from those of great activity to those of no employment at all, who have been for a time in a state of mental excitement, or hypochondriasis, bordering on mental aberration. Moreover, it is with the mind as it is with the body—it is spoiled from want of use; and the clever and intelligent young man, who sits down to lead what is called a life of leisure, invariably becomes a stupid old man.

Crites.—You, at any rate, can have had no difficulty in finding an occupation for yourself. At school and college you made yourself not only a good Latin and Greek scholar, but also well acquainted with general literature. You have, I conclude, fallen back on your early studies; and your library, I perceive, affords you abundant opportunities of doing so.

Eubulus.—It is true that this is a great resource, and that a person who has been originally well educated has a very great advantage over one who has

been in this respect less fortunately situated. But do not take it for more than it is worth. It must be confessed that to one who has been engaged in more active and exciting pursuits, whatever they may have been—politics, profession, commerce, or anything else—mere reading, without any specific object, is, by comparison, but dull work. In early life we read for some definite purpose, to make ourselves acquainted with a particular subject, or to obtain knowledge which is to be applied to the attainment of something that we have in view afterwards. Undoubtedly the mere acquirement of knowledge is in itself agreeable; but something more than this is necessary, not only to keep the mind in a wholesome and vigorous state, but to happiness. Not only must the mental faculties be exercised, but it must be on a worthy subject, or with some ulterior view. It was better for Diocletian to plant cabbages than to do nothing; and it is to be supposed that Charles the Fifth derived some sort of comfort from his flying puppets and self-flagellations; but I suspect that, in spite of his misfortunes, Lord Bacon was not altogether unhappy while engaged in completing his philosophical works; and I cannot doubt that he was much less so than he would have been if he had shared the occupations and amusements of the Emperors.

After some good remarks on education, the conversation ascends at once to the relation of mind and matter. Memory is considered to be not an inherent faculty of the mind, but the result of organisation; and, although to some this may sound startling, we do not know how any can hesitate to adopt a theory which all experience goes to confirm. Whatever may be the nature of memory—whatever may be the means by which the outward and the present are caught by the perception, and made reproducible as conceptions by the action of the will—it is clear that the flux of ideas is as fugitive in its nature as the flux of matter. That latent remembrances will remain dormant in the mind for years, and then revive with all the freshness of vivid actuality; that they may, as pictures of our childhood, be transferred to the intelligence, be forgotten—to all appearance utterly and irreversibly forgotten—for fifty, sixty, or even seventy years; and return in more than all their original life, when the last breath, perhaps, is being drawn, is no more than what daily instances establish. And this fact, taken together with the fact that the congeries of cerebral organs changes, in the course of a few years, like every other atom in the animal system, would at first sight make against the theory that memory can be a thing of material organisation, when the organism itself is constantly losing its identity. But if life can be transmitted from part to part, why should not memory be equally transmissible? Again, if memory were essentially part of the individual being, we might fairly expect every incident in our lives to be as permanent a present perception as the sense of personal identity. When we consider also its strength in some—its weakness and almost non-existence in others—its activity in health, its listlessness in illness, its extinction by long disease—we can hardly hesitate in concluding that it is no more than a separable accident to the intelligent monad.

Another leading subject is the relation of human nature to that of the inferior animals. This is one of those topics which none but friends, who are philosophers of the most liberal order, are fond of discussing. Every one tries to shirk it. Every one is afraid of finding himself betrayed unconsciously into materialism or infidelity of some kind. How cowardly this policy is; how false to the cause of all divine and human truth; how utterly obstructive to science; how humiliating to the cause of all true religion, we need not stop to prove. But the most susceptible and nervous may be reassured, when they recollect that divines like Bishop Butler have not shrunk from the hypothesis of similarity, and that Christian laymen, like Locke and Professor Brown, have inclined to it. Our author thus states his views of development.

Ergates.—It may be, as I observed on a former occasion, that some of those which are usually regarded as the very lowest form of animal life, have no endowments superior to those which belong to vegetables. Setting these aside, however, I apprehend that no one who considers the subject can doubt that the mental principle in animals is of the same essence as that of human beings; so that, even in the humbler classes, we may trace the rudiments of those faculties, to which, in their state of more complete development, we are indebted for the greatest results of human genius. We cannot suppose the existence of mere sensation without supposing that there is something more. In the stupid carp, which comes to a certain spot, at a certain hour, or on a certain signal, to be fed, we recognise at any rate the existence of memory and the association of

ideas. But we recognise much more than this in the dog who assists the shepherd in collecting his sheep in the wilds of the Welsh mountains. Locke, and Dugald Stewart following him, do not allow that “brute animals have the power of abstraction.” Now, taking it for granted that abstraction can mean nothing more than the power of comparing our conceptions with reference to certain points to the exclusion of others; as, for example, when we consider colour without reference to figure, or figure without reference to colour—then I do not see how we can deny the existence of this faculty in other animals any more than in man himself. In this sense of the word, abstraction is a necessary part of the process of reasoning which Locke defines as being “the perception of the agreement or disagreement of our ideas.” But who can doubt that a dog reasons, while he is looking for his master, whom he has lost.

But even if brutes did not abstract—and we are disposed to differ from our author in thinking that they neither do nor can—the apparent want of such a faculty would be worthless as an argument of any radical dissimilarity of original nature. The power of abstracting is even in mankind the last result of the most elaborate education. It is the one faculty which distinguishes most remarkably the educated from the uneducated, or half-educated man. Children have no idea of abstraction—peasants, and even intelligent artisans, have as little. The greatest difficulty which judges and advocates have in the management of legal evidence, is in the generally fruitless endeavour to make their witnesses abstract; to get them free from masses of irrelevant circumstance, and make them present, in half-a-dozen well-digested sentences, the pith of pages of immaterial incident. It is singular, also, to watch the course of education in this respect. Barbarous ages delight in historical details which are intolerable to a civilised age. The Homeric catalogue of ships had doubtless a charm for the listeners to the first rhapsodists. The laboured circumstance of a duel and a death-blow in the Iliad or the Nibelungen Lied was more lovely to the ears of a contemporary audience than the aphoristic wisdom of Aristotle or Rochefoucauld is to the keenest modern philosophers. The delight which some still take in the almost obsolete sciences of genealogy and heraldry, is a similar relic of times when the infant world sought only the dazzling, the startling, the picturesque, in its most real and concrete form, and shrank from that unknown and unroused faculty by which matter becomes clarified and exalted into spiritual quintessence. Proverbs are inductions stated as principles—as abstractions they imply experience and method. But, even now, we doubt whether one in a thousand ever thinks enough to originate an aphorism. They repeat those of the clever men of all times, and apply them to their own cases. But the “half-reasoning elephant” to all appearance exercises the faculty of abstraction as much as the majority of mankind.

The anecdotes of instinct in animals and insects are also well put.

What nice partitions sense from thought divide.

Lord Brougham has given us one of the most interesting of recent works on the subject, and many of the views in the book resemble his. But Lord Brougham appears to have taken up with the beautiful but pantheistic theory, that the divine afflatus acts immediately on the minute organisms of insects. The present author inclines to the notion of separate and individual existences in each. He thus traces, also, the singular fact of acquired instincts becoming hereditary.

Ergates.—There are other instincts which are intended to adapt the animal to the peculiar situation in which he is placed, and liable to vary with the circumstances for which they are required. Acquired habits in several successive generations become permanent, and assume the character of instincts; and thus we have the opportunity of seeing new instincts generated. I walked in the fields during the autumn with a young pointer dog which had never been in the fields before. He stopped and pointed at a covey of partridges. M. Magendie relates an analogous anecdote of a retriever. He bought him as a puppy in England, and took him to France. Though never having been trained for the purpose, he knew his duty as a retriever, and performed it sufficiently well when taken into the fields. Mr. Andrew Knight has given an account of other facts of the same kind. It is probable that, if we had the opportunity of studying the conditions of the herds of wild horses which roam over the prairies of America, we should find that they are born with instincts which their ancestors did not possess in their domesticated state, and which they would lose if again brought under subjection to man.

He states thus the influence of intellectual power on social life.

Crites.—In proportion as the intellectual faculties are more perfect, so is the social instinct more efficient. The gregarious elephant is more intelligent than the solitary tiger. As the dog is more intelligent than the cat, so has he social and moral qualities which the latter does not possess; and, in like manner, human society is a more perfect institution than that of any other animals which live in association.

The last dialogue, or rather lecture (for there is no real argument throughout) attacks the very foundations of phrenology, as a science resting on the most imperfect induction. The objections deserve attention and reply. The substance of them is thus stated:

Ergates.—There are two simple anatomical facts which the founders of this system have overlooked, or with which they were probably unacquainted, and which of themselves afford a sufficient contradiction of it. First. They refer the mere animal propensities chiefly to the posterior lobes, and the intellectual faculties to the anterior lobes of the cerebrum. But the truth is that the posterior lobes exist only in the human brain, and in that of some of the tribe of monkeys, and are absolutely wanting in quadrupeds. Of this there is no more doubt than there is of any other of the best-established facts in anatomy; so that, if phrenology be true, the most marked distinction between man, on the one hand, and a cat, or a horse, or a sheep, on the other, ought to be, that the former has the animal propensities developed to their fullest extent, and that these are deficient in the latter. Secondly. Birds have various propensities and faculties in common with us, and in the writings of phrenologists many of their illustrations are derived from this class of vertebral animals. But the structure of the bird's brain is essentially different, not only from that of the human brain, but from that of the brain of all other mammalia. In order that I may make this plain, you must excuse me if I repeat what I said on the subject formerly. In the mammalia, the name of *corpus striatum* has been given to each of two organs of a small size compared with that of the entire brain, distinguished by a peculiar disposition of the grey, and the fibrous, or medullary substance, of which they are composed, and placed under the entire mass of the hemispheres of the cerebrum. In the bird's brain, what appears to a superficial observer to correspond to these hemispheres, is found, on a more minute examination, to be apparently the *corpora striata* developed to an enormous size; that which really corresponds to the cerebral hemispheres being merely a thin layer expanded over their upper surface, and presenting no appearance of convolutions. It is plain, then, that there can be no phrenological organs in the bird's brain corresponding to those which are said to exist in the human brain, or in that of other mammalia. Yet birds are as pugnacious and destructive, as much attached to the localities in which they reside, and as careful of their offspring, as any individual among us; and I suppose that no one will deny, that if there be special organs of tune or of imitation in man, such organs ought not to be wanting in the bullfinch and parrot.

Again:

We must not, however, lose sight of the facts, that idiots for the most part have small heads, and that we are generally agreed in considering a large head and a capacious forehead as indicative of superior intellectual endowments. In like manner as the ancient sculptors gave to the figures of some of the heathen gods the appearance of youth, by shortening the jaws so that they could not be supposed to contain the entire number of teeth belonging to the adult, so they expressed the divine intelligence of others by increasing the dimensions of the forehead. But even to this rule there are exceptions. Some very stupid persons, within my own knowledge, have had very large heads. On the other hand, if we may trust to the authority of the bust of Newton in the apartments of the Royal Society, the head of that mighty genius was below the average size; and Moore describes the head of Byron as having been unusually small, with a narrow forehead; the fact being confirmed by an anecdote related by Colonel Napier, of a party of fourteen persons having tried to put on his hat, and having found that it was too small to fit any one of them. On a former occasion I adverted to an hypothesis by which these anomalies may be explained. The nervous force is supposed to be generated in the grey or vesicular substance, of which the greater part is expanded on the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, the extent of that surface depending not so much on the bulk of the entire brain as on the number and depth of the convolutions. Without, however, having recourse to this explanation, it is easy to suppose that a more or less refined organisation may make all the difference, so that the smaller brain of one individual may be a more perfect instrument for the mind to use than the larger one of another.

Enibus.—Men's characters are compounded of so many elements, and are influenced by so great a variety of circumstances, that it is difficult to understand how they can be determined by any such simple rules as those laid down by the phrenologists. There are those original and necessary *PRIMITIVES*, without which the human race could not exist at all, but which are nevertheless, in like manner as the higher or intellectual faculties, more complex, and of



greater intensity in some individuals than they are in others. Then there are those habits which are gradually acquired during several successive generations, by which chiefly the different races of mankind are distinguished from each other; which cause one nation to be peaceful and another warlike; which engender low-mindedness and cunning in those who have had an uncertain tenure of life, or liberty, or property, under an arbitrary and oppressive government; and give rise to liberal sentiments, and an open and manly bearing, in those who have had the advantage of belonging to a free and well-regulated community. To these we may add those other habits and modes of thinking which are the result of early discipline and training in individual cases; which dispose him who has been brought up among thieves to become a thief; which cause the spoiled child, whatever his original disposition may have been, to grow up into the selfish man; which explain how it is that of two persons with the same amount of natural talent, one remains from the beginning to the end of his life absorbed in frivolous pursuits, and dies unregretted, or perhaps despised; while the other is distinguished for his genius and superior intellectual attainments, transmitting his name to posterity as that of a benefactor of the human race. If we pursue the inquiry further, we find that in addition to moral agencies such as I have enumerated, there are various physical agencies which co-operate with them in forming individual characters. One man is in that state of bodily health, that even in spite of adverse circumstances he is always cheerful and contented, ready to sympathise with others, and obtaining their sympathy in return. Another, oppressed by chronic dyspepsia, or visceral disease, or having his nervous energies exhausted by excessive labour, is in that condition which causes every impression made on him to be attended with more or less of an uneasy feeling; and hence he is fretful and peevish, doubtful as to himself, suspicious of others; so that it is only under the influence of a high moral principle, and by a constant effort of self-control, that he can avoid being ungracious in his general behaviour, and in his dealings with mankind bring himself up to the level of his more fortunate competitor. Nor are physical agencies of another kind less influential in other ways. It cannot be supposed that the young gentleman of fashion, whom I remember to have seen described in one of the police reports as never being without a cigar in his mouth, except when he was at his meals or when he was asleep, had any other than a muddled intellect; and the alcohol circulating in the vessels of the habitual drunkard must have even a more injurious influence than the poison of tobacco.

We have reviewed this small book at length; and we have given extracts from it more copiously than we should have been justified in doing had we estimated it merely by its size. But we like its matter and tone. It is written, as all books on natural science ought to be written, not in a spirit of sneering scepticism; not in a spirit of insidious infidelity; but in a spirit of reverential as well as scientific research.

Let knowledge grow from more to more;
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

We detest and we despise that narrow-minded bigotry—if it ought not rather to be termed that weak and short-sighted hypocrisy—which exclaims that religion is being rooted from the land, because it is found that the earth goes round the sun, and that this earth has been in process of formation for some thousands of years longer than is consistent with the traditional interpretation of the Mosaic history. But we protest still more strongly against that superficial illuminism which snatches at every imperfect discovery of human science to gratify a mad and impious vanity, by destroying all that the reason declares sacred—all that the inmost soul pronounces divine. Great moral and social problems—of the highest import to all of us—are in process of solution. Each day is apparently bringing us nearer the consummation. Let us aid the workers; or at least not interrupt, nor ridicule, nor malign them. But when all is done, we have no doubt that here, as in everything else, it will be found that, however we may have rough-hewed our ends, it is a divinity that has shaped them.

The Microscope: its History, Construction, and Applications. By JABEZ HOGG, M.R.C.S. London: Orr and Co.

It is only of late years that the uses of the microscope have been understood. Formerly it was little more than a plaything, save in the hands of a very few curious observers; and even they do not appear to have anticipated the practical applications of it to the advancement of almost every science which it has been made in our own time. Now, however, it is indispensable to the physiologist, to the physician, to the naturalist, to the chemist. It has opened a new

world to all of these; and discoveries are being daily made with its help which promise to be of the utmost importance to humanity. At such a time, then, right welcome will be a treatise embracing the entire subject of the marvellous instrument and its marvellous revelations. Mr. Hogg has devoted a large volume to his theme, which he has exhausted. Everything known about the microscope and its applications may here be found; and the descriptions are illustrated and made intelligible to the eye by upwards of 500 engravings.

This noble volume, which is published at a small price, should be in the hands of every person who possesses a microscope. It will infinitely enhance the interest which he will take in the use of the instrument that displays to him the wonders of the little world.

The Cabinet of British Entomology; containing, in a systematic arrangement, carefully coloured illustrations and descriptions of the most beautiful and interesting native insects. By C. WRIGHTMAN HARRISON. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. This work, of which two numbers are before us, is all that it professes to be. The text is correct, and as full as can be desired, and the lithographed illustrations are coloured with great care. The author has adopted Latreille's *Tarsal* system, which is now in general use among entomologists. The Coleoptera begin the series—beetles big and small, in every rainbow tint metallic.

THE first completed volume of *Orr's Circle of the Sciences* is now before us, and it is certainly a marvel of cheapness. The promise of the projector has been amply fulfilled, and the various subjects treated by the most competent men of the time, while no expense has been spared in securing typographical excellence and a profusion of engravings for illustrations. An introductory treatise expounds, briefly and lucidly, the general nature, relations, and applications of all the chief departments of human knowledge; and then follows a copious and complete essay on the *Principles of Physiology, the Structure of the Skeleton and the Teeth, and the Varieties of the Human Race*—Professor Owen being the author of the former part, and Dr. Latham of the latter. These names are guarantees for excellence; and we may venture, therefore, confidently to commend this volume to all who are looking for knowledge, and especially to families and schools.

HISTORY.

Charles the Second in the Channel Islands: a Contribution to his Biography and to the History of his Age. By S. ELLIOT HOSKINS, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

The title of this book is somewhat a misnomer. Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., does not appear on the scene till the close of the first volume; and the principal portion of the second volume is devoted to the proceedings of the illustrious exile in Paris and elsewhere. But although a more appropriate title might have been found for it, Mr. Hoskins's work is full of interest to every student of English history, and is compiled from valuable and important materials. Amongst these must be enumerated a curious and minute contemporary chronicle, "of unquestionable authenticity," written by one John Chevalier, "vingtaine, or tythingman, of the town of St. Helier's, during the troubles." The manuscript in question is written in French, "sufficiently pure," we are told, "to indicate that its author was neither uneducated nor illiterate; and it records the most remarkable events of every month, from the commencement of 1643 to the middle of February 1650." Chevalier was an uncompromising royalist; and his statements are often coloured by political partiality. Their substantial correctness is, however, amply proved by a reference to the documentary evidence preserved in the State Paper Office, and in private collections, and by the testimony of more famous historians.

The momentous questions involved in the contest between Charles I. and his Parliament agitated the Channel Islands at the very outbreak of the troubles. The elements of religious and political strife existed there—perhaps in a more aggravated form than in other portions of the British dominions; and, in order to trace their origin, it is necessary to go back as far as the Reformation. In the reign of Edward VI. the mass was abolished in Guernsey and Jersey, and the English Liturgy, translated into French, was adopted by the islanders. Then ensued, as in England, the temporary restoration of Popery and the Marian persecution. Three godly Protestant women were burnt in Guernsey, "under circumstances the most cruel and revolting;" and this outrage confirmed the inhabitants in their

secret attachment to the reformed faith. At the accession of Elizabeth, the English Liturgy was re-introduced, and was for some time used without murmur or dissent. But this theological unanimity was of short duration. The persecution of the French Protestants, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, filled the Channel Islands with refugees, who professed the Calvinistic creed in all its strictness. The native pastors were unable to cope with these eloquent and learned champions of the reformed faith, who soon convinced the islanders of the danger to be apprehended from *Prelacy* as well as Popery. The consequence was, that Calvinism took a deeper root in the Channel Islands than in any other part of the British dominions. The Presbyterian form of worship was gradually introduced in all the parishes, and Nonconformity reigned triumphant till James of Scotland ascended the throne of England. This crafty prince succeeded in re-establishing Episcopacy in Jersey; but in Guernsey—"the little sister island"—Presbyterianism continued to flourish until the breaking out of the Civil War. When that struggle commenced, the puritanical sympathies of the inhabitants of the latter island caused them to espouse with zeal the cause of the Parliament; whilst in the former "the epithets *bien affectionné* and *refractaire*, the first equivalent to 'roundhead,' the second to 'malignant,' were reproachfully bestowed by one party on the other; and thus the external characters, to say the least, of the great Civil War extended to Jersey."

In the year 1643, when Chevalier's narrative commences, Sir Philip Carteret kept the castles of Jersey for the King, and was actively engaged in taking measures to preserve the royal authority in that island; whilst in Guernsey Sir Peter Osborne, another enthusiastic royalist, held the fortress of Castle Cornet. Sir Philip Carteret had been the custodian of the celebrated William Prynne, who in 1637 was condemned, after losing his ears and being branded on both cheeks—a sentence executed with great cruelty—to perpetual imprisonment. By Sir Philip, Prynne was treated with great kindness, and notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, a close friendship sprang up between them. After Prynne's release and triumphant return to London, he seized every opportunity of repaying his debt of gratitude to the Royalist commander; and when the discontented faction in Jersey appealed to the King in council against Sir Philip, and demanded his dismissal, the Roundhead martyr openly espoused his cause. "I should have manifested myself," he said, "a monster of ingratitude had I not contributed my best assistance to support Sir Philip's innocence, honour, and reputation against the malicious and injurious accusations and aspersions of his inveterate backbiting enemies, who endeavoured only to defame him, and to oust him of his offices of trust, that themselves might step into them." This beautiful instance of a gaoler's kindness to his captive—so nobly and generously required—is certainly not the least interesting incident of the Civil War. The place of Prynne's captivity in Jersey was Mont Orgueil Castle, of which fortress he perpetrated a metrical description of a singularly prosaic character. Let the following four lines serve as a specimen:—

A guard of soldiers (strong enough till warre
Begins to thunder) in it lodges are;
Who watch and ward it duly night and day;
For which the king allows them monthly pay.

Stormy scenes soon took place between Sir Philip Carteret and the disaffected party in Jersey. An ordinance was procured from the Parliament dismissing him from his office; whilst, on the other hand, a royal proclamation was communicated by Sir Philip to the States (as the island council was called), in which he was authorised to resort to vigorous measures to preserve the peace and loyalty of the place. After this the governor was compelled to shut himself up in Elizabeth Castle, whilst his lady remained in that of Mont Orgueil, and hostilities commenced—the islanders at first acting on the defensive. A long and tedious warfare ensued, in the midst of which Sir Philip Carteret, "harrassed by repeated disappointments, worn out with incessant anxiety, and possibly undermined in constitution by being so long deprived of fresh provisions," was seized with a mortal sickness. The following pathetic letter which he addressed to the Parliamentary Committee, then administering the affairs of the island, will afford some notion of his condition; and the unfeeling and contemptuous answer he received is most characteristic of the spirit which animated his opponents:—

Gentlemen.—I having received the King's gracious pardon, embraced it with a great deal of joy, hoping that before God shall call me away, I should see some beginning of the quiet of those disorders of this country, which seeing is not likely to prove, it is God's pleasure to call me to His mercy, that I may not witness the further increase of the miseries of this country. I desire in your Christian charity that you will permit Monsieur la Cloche, or any other that you will send, to administer unto me such Christian comforts as are necessary and usual in these extremities; and that you will permit my poor wife to come unto me, to do me the last duty, that of closing my eyes. The Lord forgive you, as I forgive you all. I pray you, suffer this bearer to go to the old castle to fetch my wife, and send some other to Monsieur la Cloche, with all speed. This is the last request I shall ever make unto you. The Lord be merciful to you all. From the Castle Elizabeth, this 16th day of August, 1643.—Your loving Friend,

PH. CARTERET.

To the Gentlemen Commissioners of the Parliament, or any of them.

The reply vouchsafed by the "godly" committee to this touching appeal ran as follows:—

Sir Philip.—This sudden change excites in us great amazement. Instead of sending for the sheriff to enforce the extorted royal proclamation against us, you send for a minister to administer consolation to yourself. But, "the Lord is wise in council, and wonderful in strength." We cannot understand how the inhabitants should have deserved the ignominious titles of traitors and rebels, so as to require a pardon from the King for all but some seven or eight, whom, as we are informed from Paris, you caused to be accused of high treason, seeking to have the forfeiture of all their lands. You seek to cast undeserved infamy upon his Majesty's loyal subjects, whose loyalty and fidelity was never before questioned by our good Kings of England, though the infidelity of many of our governors hath. Shall we then be content to live under pardon for having taken up arms in our own defence, not against the King, but against Sir Philip Carteret, unjustly vexing and oppressing his Majesty's subjects, and making open war against them? The Lord open the eyes of your understanding, that, though late, you may bewail the misery you have brought upon the people. As for our part, we heartily pray God to forgive you all that is past, washing your sins away, by sincere repentance, in the blood of Christ. As for your desire to have some of the three ministers you desire, we cannot comply, as they are suspected by the people to have confederated with you in oppressing the country. We have sent to Mr. Thomas Payne, if he please, to go to you, or any other you desire, whom we will permit. But while we were writing this letter, there met together a troop of horsemen and some foot companies, that publicly require you to deliver into their hands the Cornish captain you entertain in the castle, promising to give caution or hostage that, no harm shall be done to him. On that condition your wife, a minister, or your mother and sisters, mightly desirous to see you, may have access to the castle. Mr. Payne, the minister, refused even now to go and see you. You will do well, Sir, in case God shall see fit to call you, to remit the custody of the castle into the hands of the Estate, to keep it for his Majesty's service. And so we remain your friends, usque ad aras,

HENRY DUMARESQ. ABRAHAM HERAULT.

BENJAMIN BISSON. MICHAEL LEMPIERRE.

August the 17th, 1643.

Acting up to the spirit of this precious epistle, permission to visit her dying son was actually refused to Sir Philip's mother, (an old lady of eighty,) though she offered to bestow twenty crowns in alms among the poor, if her reasonable request were complied with. Another incident is recorded by Chevalier, equally characteristic of the inhuman animosity which the Parliamentarian party in Jersey cherished towards Sir Philip Carteret. "There is one circumstance (says Chevalier) which I beheld with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, and my pen cannot be withheld from recording it as an act of inhumanity unparalleled. Six hours before the decease of Monsieur de St. Ouen (Sir Philip Carteret), the infamous Le Boutilier went to the parsonage in all haste to inform D'Assigny that he had just encountered a person carrying a basket of grapes, pears, mulberries, and other fruits to the castle. He inquired whether they should be allowed to pass. 'By no means,' said the rector; 'arrest the individual and seize the basket; its contents will be quite as agreeable to us as to the governor.' Le Boutilier immediately rushed out; but fortunately the bearer of the fruit was too far in advance, and succeeded in reaching the castle with the refreshments."

It is fair to state that when Sir Philip's approaching dissolution was officially announced to the committee, they appear to have been seized by some compunctions visitings of conscience, and to have yielded to the dictates of common humanity. The weeping wife and mother, to-

gether with a minister of religion, were permitted to enter the castle, just before Sir Philip expired. Although speechless, we are told the hapless royalist was conscious of Lady Carteret's presence, "which he manifested by lifting up his hands, as if in thanksgiving."

On Sir Philip's death, the Parliamentarians hoped to make an easy conquest of the royalist strongholds in Jersey. But in this hope they were signally disappointed. Mr. Hungerford, the seneschal, maintained Elizabeth Castle "with more vigour," we are told, "and as much obstinacy, as his deceased master; and the widow Lady Carteret, seconded by her eldest son, the young Lord of St. Ouen, kept Mont Orgueil for the King, with a degree of pertinacity and decision little inferior to that displayed by the noble heroine of *Latham House*." In the mean while application had been made to the Parliament at Westminster to send over a military governor; and on the 26th of August 1643, a few days after Sir Philip's death, Major Leonard Lydcott arrived in Jersey. "He came on board a frigate, mounting thirty pieces of cannon, accompanied by his father, his wife, and her mother, brother, and sister (rather a strong family party!), together with three captains, three lieutenants, and a large train of domestics, but no soldiers. Remarks were made on his landing as to his being a 'very young man for a commander, not more than eight and twenty or thirty years old; and moreover only just married.'

Having brought his officers with him, Lydcott proceeded to furnish himself with soldiers in the island. Every able-bodied man was ordered to present himself in the town of St. Heliers, to be enrolled and armed; and in this way a small force was equipped, with which the governor resolved to attempt the reduction of the royal fortresses. Mont Orgueil was first invested; but Lydcott's siege operations were attended with little success. The inhabitants of Jersey were at this period by no means a warlike race, and in most of their encounters with the Royalist garrisons the newly-levied troops got much the worst of it. It was only by the frantic exertions of the violent and enthusiastic members of the Parliamentary Committee that they could be kept in the field at all, or induced to prolong the contest, which was now desolating and distracting the island. In such a small community the evils and inconveniences of civil war were most acutely felt, as a few incidents culled by Mr. Hoskins, from Chevalier's *Chronicle*, will serve to demonstrate:

Some men were arrested for openly asserting that Lydcott was despotic and tyrannical; that he was not the King's representative, but merely the Parliament's, and by right possessing no authority; they were moreover denounced for having called the people of St. Mary's, a "well-affected" parish, *Cornouailleans* (Cornish-men), a most opprobrious epithet apparently in those days. For these offences they were confined for two days and a night in the Church of St. Helier's, their arms pinioned, and they were bound neck and heels with match-cord, and that so tightly that the blood gushed from their mouths and nostrils. Another man, a poor half-witted creature, was apprehended on his way to the old castle, on suspicion of carrying a letter, but none was found upon him. On being put to the torture, he confessed that a letter had been intrusted to him by the rector and constable of St. Ouen, which he had thrown into the sea. He was released, but the two gentlemen, whose names he had revealed, were dragged from their beds at midnight, and imprisoned. Lady Carteret about this time sent an urgent message to the officer in command of the investing party, requesting that a pass and safe-conduct might be granted for a midwife, as there was a poor woman in the castle who had been in *travail* for three days, and must infallibly die unless proper assistance were afforded her. The message was transmitted to head quarters; a verbal answer was returned to the effect that no midwife should be permitted to enter the walls, and that Lady Carteret might perform the office herself, if she chose. This she accordingly did, rising out of her own sick bed for that purpose; and, by the blessing of God, the poor woman was happily delivered. It now became question as to the baptism of the infant; when, after some demur, it was allowed to be conveyed to the parish church, naked as it was born, lest any letter might be concealed in the swaddling-clothes.

After sustaining many reverses, Major Lydcott seems to have lost all patience. At length, determined to bring matters to a crisis, and, as Chevalier quaintly remarks, "ne sachant à quel Saint se vouter," he convoked the States, and proceeded to lecture them in the genuine Cromwellian fashion. "Without consulting the members of that body," says our author, "he at once opened proceedings, by specially addressing the

auditory, whom he exhorted to unite firmly in supporting him and maintaining the cause of religion, telling them, at the same time, that those who were not staunch might either retire to the castles 'or go to the devil.'" This language was not very agreeable to the Committee, and led to a stormy discussion, in the midst of which arrived the news of various defections from the cause. The Parliamentarian governor now felt that he had been deceived as regards the temper of the islanders; and, a few days after the meeting of the States, he departed for Guernsey in an armed vessel which had been kept ready for any emergency, and with him sailed the principal leaders of the Republican party in Jersey.

Lydcott's departure was considerably hastened by the arrival of Captain George Carteret, who on Sir Philip's death had been appointed by the King governor of Jersey, and who, having seized a favourable opportunity to make his appearance on the scene, soon succeeded in establishing order, together with the supremacy of the royal authority. Thenceforth Jersey remained for some years staunch to the King and his cause. Captain, or rather Sir George, Carteret's administration of the affairs of the island, though despotic in its character, was marked by considerable vigour and address. He arrested the persons and confiscated the estates of some of the most notorious malcontents; and he also commenced a system of privateering, or rather piracy, which answered the double purpose of annoying the English Parliamentarians and of putting money into the royal exchequer. He likewise projected a warlike expedition against Guernsey, which proved a failure, and an attempt on the small islet of Sark, which was attended by a similar result. Strongly fortified by nature, Sark has been able to preserve for ages its primitive institutions and *quasi* independence. The following description of it, extracted from the *Harleian Miscellany*, and written in 1673, is, according to Mr. Hoskins, "as correct, and almost as applicable, as if it had been penned in 1853":—

THE ISLAND OF SARK.

Sark, the place whence this letter comes to kiss your hands, is an island situate in the channel betwixt England and France, lying at once in view of the banks of Normandy, and of our two other more eminent islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and about four leagues to the south-east of the latter. Though its circuit or extent can yield no great temptation to any prince's ambition to make himself master of it, its dimensions being not above five miles in length, and about two miles in breadth, yet nature, as if she had stored up some extraordinary treasure, seems to have been very solicitous to render it impregnable. On every side it is surrounded with vast rocks, and mighty cliffs, whose craggy tops, braving the clouds with their stupendous height, bid defiance to all that shall dream of forcing an entrance. Two only ascents or passages there are into it—the first where all goods and commodities are received, called *la Soguer*, where for a large space through a solid rock, there is a cartway cut by art down to the sea, with two strong gates for its defence, and two pieces of ordnance above, always ready to prevent any surprise; the other is *la Frikeré*, where only passengers can land, climbing up a rock by certain steps or stairs cut therein to a vast height, and somewhat dangerously; nor is it possible there for above one person to come up at once.

The time was now arriving when loyal Jersey was to become for a brief space the refuge of the heir apparent to the English crown. In the spring of 1645, Charles I., who was then at Oxford, resolved to send the Prince into the West, in order, as he said, "to unbox him, by putting him into some action, and acquaintance with business out of his own sight." But this was evidently not the King's only motive for insisting on his son's departure. He foresaw the loss of a battle might make him a prisoner of war; and such a result would be doubly unfortunate if the heir to the crown should be included in the same fate as its luckless possessor. Accordingly, on Wednesday, the 4th of March, "the royal father and son parted, never to meet again." We need not follow the latter into the western counties. It is sufficient to state that the rapid advance of Fairfax compelled the Prince to retire into Cornwall. For some time he fixed his petty court at Launceston; and ultimately, in the spring of 1646, it was thought necessary to remove him to the isle of Scilly, which was in the first instance selected in preference to Jersey, as the least objectionable place of refuge. But the scarcity of provisions in this inhospitable spot induced the Prince's advisers to recommend a departure to Jersey; and thither he was accordingly conveyed without any mischance. About an hour before sunset on the 27th of April 1646, as recorded by

Chevalier, "the *Proud Black Eagle*, a frigate of 160 tons, mounting four and twenty guns, and commanded by Captain Baldwin Wake, cast anchor before Elizabeth Castle, having his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his immediate suite on board. No single piece of cannon was fired from the frigate or the castle by way of salute, no flag fluttered in the breeze, excepting the royal ensign on the bowsprit of *Le Noir Proudeagle*. His Highness's visit being no subject of rejoicing, but, on the contrary, a proof of the unprosperous condition of the royal cause, he thus arrived without pomp or circumstance, and was received with silent but sympathetic respect and loyalty."

The Prince of Wales soon became exceedingly popular with the simple islanders. Many of the qualities which distinguished the Merry Monarch had already begun to develop themselves in the heir apparent. He was affable and benign—*grandement bon*, to use Chevalier's expression—and, if not absolutely good-looking, he had a very pleasant and princely aspect. Not yet a hardened sceptic and scoffer at sacred things, he gratified the devout inhabitants by his regular attendance and decent behaviour at public worship. It must be recollected, however, that at this time the grave and decorous Hyde was at his elbow, and the young Prince was in all probability overawed by his astute counsellor. Perhaps the dislike which he entertained towards the Chancellor in his maturer years had something to do with the long-remembered irksomeness of the "schooling" which he received at this period of his life. Prince Charles's nautical tastes may also have tended to render him a favourite with a seafaring race like the men of Jersey. On his voyage from Scilly thither "he had amused himself," we are told, "vastly with steering the frigate; he would remain for a couple of hours on a stretch at the helm, and could with difficulty be persuaded to resign it." On coming to Jersey one of his first commands was to order the construction of a barge at St. Maloës; and a beautiful vessel was built for him, calculated for sailing as well as for rowing, in which he took the utmost delight—steering it himself for hours together, and apparently enjoying his dominion over it more than the control of a kingdom. The Prince's first stay in Jersey was not, however, of very long duration. His mother, Henrietta Maria, urgently recommended a visit to the French Court, and Charles himself, who had just attained his sixteenth year, was probably nothing loath to exchange the society of the grave and gouty chancellor, who "snubbed him and treated him like a schoolboy," for the gaiety and magnificence of Paris. Though his departure to France, therefore, was warmly opposed by the most discreet lords of the council, the Queen's advice was allowed to prevail, and the Prince bade adieu for a short time to his faithful lieges in Jersey.

Henrietta Maria had a strong and a true woman's motive for desiring her son's presence in Paris. She was an ambitious and worldly as well as a doting mother; anxious above all things that her son should form a suitable matrimonial alliance; and resolved to leave no stone unturned to accomplish a darling project. That project was to marry the Prince of Wales to Mademoiselle de Montpensier—"the richest and most independent heiress in Europe." With the profound tact of a skilful match-maker, she endeavoured to persuade this lady that her son was deeply enamoured of her—that her name was ever on his lips—and that a mother's authority was scarcely sufficient to restrain him from declaring his passion. But Mademoiselle had just then other strings to her bow. She was haughty and indifferent, and the Prince was anything but an accomplished suitor. It is true, and she admits it, that he was not very ill-looking; "he was tall for his age, had a well-formed head, adorned with a profusion of brown hair, set off to advantage by the dark hue of his complexion, and the brilliancy of his expressive eyes." To counterbalance these advantages, however, "his mouth was large, nay, positively ugly;" and, worse than all, "he had one terrible, one irredeemable defect—he could neither understand nor could he give utterance to one single word of French!" In vain was it that the Queen instructed her son in the little arts of gallantry, and endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his early education. The petted beauty remained obdurate, simply because she had one or two more desirable matches in her eye. An exiled prince of seventeen was less attractive in the eyes

of this prudent young lady than a royal widower of fifty in full and safe possession of his dominions!

We have not space to follow Mr. Hoskins and the chronicler minutely through all the affairs of Jersey, after the Prince's first departure; nor would our readers be much edified by the recital. About the middle of February 1649 the news arrived in the island of the execution of King Charles I before the window of his palace. This intelligence struck the islanders with dismay, and Chevalier expresses in unusually emphatic terms the grief and horror which such an event excited in their breasts. The proclamation of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as King of England produced, however, "a revulsion from gloomy sorrow to joyous glee." When the governor exclaimed in a loud voice "Vive le Roi Charles, second du nom," the assembled crowds, by whom the Prince was really beloved, were "uproarious with delight, flung their beavers in the air, and joined in the loyal chorus." Most gratifying, also, was the rumour which, in the course of a few months, spread through the island, that the young monarch was expected to pay his faithful lieges another visit. Charles was in Holland when he heard of his father's death, and from thence he had resolved to proceed to Ireland or Scotland, with the view of seizing the first favourable opportunity of gaining possession of his kingdom. At the urgent request of his mother, he consented to take Paris on his way to Ireland; Henrietta Maria being still bent upon marrying him to Mademoiselle de Montpensier. The lovely heiress was, however, quite as cool and phlegmatic, if not so disdainful in her demeanour, as on previous occasions. Early in September she favoured her suitor with a parting interview, and in the middle of that month Charles II. (accompanied by his brother the Duke of York) again set foot in Jersey, which place he selected as a convenient halting-place on his way to Ireland.

More than three years had elapsed since Charles's first visit to the island. He had left it a mere stripling, and he now returned in the dawn of manhood. "The King, then about nineteen years of age, was," we are told, "of middle stature, well formed and graceful; remarkably erect, and his limbs well knit; altogether very noble in his aspect. The expression of his features, although sedate, was pleasing; his complexion rather sallow, and his hair dark brown, inclining somewhat to black. As to his demeanour, although dignified, it was affable to all those whom he honoured with his discourse." Such is Chevalier's description of the young monarch who now trusted his "sacred person" to the protection of the men of Jersey. On the first Sunday after his arrival, he took care to conciliate the islanders by making his appearance at church, which, in anticipation of the event, had been decorated with green boughs and flowers, and the aisles strewed with rushes. Habited in deep mourning, on a very stormy September morning, the King and his suite crossed the channel which separated Elizabeth Castle from the main, and entered the sacred edifice, where a vast concourse of the islanders had congregated to witness his devotions. During his stay in Jersey his conduct appears to have been particularly distinguished by gravity and decorum. On the 30th Jan. 1650 he directed a solemn fast to be observed throughout the island, "in commemoration of his father's cruel execution." The solemnity was most rigorously observed, and Chevalier writes: "La chaise, le pupitre, et la table dans le temple de St. Hellier, étoient couverts de noir. Le ministre prit son texte au second Livre des Chroniques, chapitre 35e, à la fin du verset 23e. 'Tout le peuple d'Israël et de Juda firent des lamentations sur Josias.'" We may add that it was in Jersey Charles first exercised the prerogative of mercy, by pardoning a man who had been condemned to death for beating his own father; and it was also in this island that he first went through the ceremony of "touching for the evil." About the month of March 1650 Charles bade a final farewell to his Jersey friends and subjects; but his brother, the Duke of York, remained there till September in the same year. In the mean while, the island had become the resort of "free mariners," who committed terrible depredations, and "seriously interfered with the commerce of the new republic." Loud complaints were raised in Parliament against the "Jersey Pyrates," and at length, on the 20th of Oct. 1651, a fleet of eighty sail, under the command of the invincible Blake, attacked the royalists' strongholds, which were ultimately

compelled to capitulate; Castle Cornet in Guernsey "being the last of the royal fortresses to lower the royal flag."

Thus ends the narrative of proceedings in the Channel Islands during the Civil Wars now presented to the public by Mr. Hoskins; a narrative which, if it does not contain anything strikingly new, or extraordinarily romantic, may be nevertheless perused with interest and profit.

A second edition attests the approval with which Professor CREEASY'S *Rise and Progress of the English Constitution* has been received by the public.—The third volume of Bell's new illustrated edition of Hume's *History of England* fully maintains the promise of the propectus. It is neatly printed, and contains many engravings.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

This work, from the French, is rendered with considerable spirit and fidelity, and with an intimate adaptation of the genius of one language to another. Here we are presented to Lamartine the vivid personifier—Lamartine the magnificent artist—Lamartine the glowing teacher; and here the versatile and brilliant Frenchman has lost the least possible fraction of his personality—only such as is absolutely unavoidable from the very nature of translation. The two volumes on our table, with their clear, palpable type, and a publisher's name in itself a guarantee against intellectual poverty or artistic meanness, will be hailed as one of the eminent offerings of a year which beheld as its greatest event the magical inauguration of the Palace of the People! The warm, luscious, charming style of Lamartine is not here demanded to preserve dry details from being repulsive; nor is it employed to shed a luminous halo round a dull, drear labyrinth of chronology—for Lamartine knows as well as any man that sunlight may gild a corpse, but cannot give it animation; but the author of the "History of the Girondists" has seized on what is most interesting and dramatic in the lives of the illustrious men which shine from his fine canvass. Not erudit, but impassioned; not minute, but broad, bold, and grand; not teaching men history through that inferior faculty which methodically remembers names, dates, and places with the certainty and regularity of a machine; but riveting men to the past through their sensibilities, and enchaining them to history through their feelings—such is Lamartine, and such the volume before us.

It may be said, and we care not to disprove the assertion, that Lamartine is not a great historian; that his temperament is ill suited to patient, arid, hard research; that small facts would escape his gaze altogether in the intense satisfaction with which he penetrates the master deeds of heroes, legislators, philosophers, poets, and painters; that, staring right up to the sun, he could not understand or appreciate in their relative value the motes dancing in the sunbeams. Well, be it so; and these volumes will be none the poorer on this account, because the object of Lamartine was to make history popular, to make biography interesting to the large surging life of the nations, not to make it a repertory of every small fact for the use of students. *History popular!* One can hardly comprehend the grandeur of that word, hardly measure its educational meaning, hardly calculate to what extent, though we know it must be extensive, it would swell the harmonies of life. The past is the academy in which the present learns experience. Lamartine proposes to bring about an active and glorious result by presenting "dominant facts," which he poetically declares "overtop history as lofty mountain-chains divide and overlook continents." We believe these volumes will go far to effect what the author so earnestly desires—they will create a taste, if anything can, for history and biography, where before no taste existed.

Lamartine's memoirs of celebrated characters are in many respects similar to Kinglake's "Eothen." By one, travel is rescued from the stupid, shrivelled, and skeleton form which the mere journalist would impose; by the other is presented that portion of the life of a celebrated man, which denotes his celebrity either for good or evil, or both—the very beating pulse, in fact, of his humanity. As Kinglake intensified travel, so Lamartine intensifies biography. Each throbs with excitement, each dwells upon a rare thought,

a splendid scene, or a noble action, with a rapture which belongs only to hearts sensitively alive to the beautiful. Each relates a truth, as an earnest man should relate it, *earnestly*; but at the same time he surrounds it with a golden border, with an outer circle which glistens with the gorgeousness of romance. It is by a constant reconstruction of excitement when the excitement flags, by a rapid reproduction of situations, forms, and facts, by bringing the individuality of the man he portrays at once and unmistakably home to the mental glance of the reader, that Lamartine enforces and clenches attention. He is never tedious, and generally graphic. To produce variety he is often abrupt; but he never loses sight of the purpose of his composition—the desire to make the dead speak audibly through their deeds, and so arouse, instruct, and fortify the living. If we take the first of these volumes simply as an example, we shall at once see how well it represents the phases of intellect, how admirably it reanimates the physical distinctions of men of genius. We have six names to indicate the contents of the volume—Nelson, the type of the heroic; Heloise, of love and female devotion; Columbus, of enterprise; Palissy, the potter, of artistic skill, of the grand power of invention bursting asunder the most adverse circumstances; Roostam, of physical power, agility, and fanatical inspiration; and, lastly, Cicero, the representative of eloquence, virtuous enthusiasm, and heroic love of truth. This is a portion of the rich bill of fare now offered to English readers. It would be idle to say that Lamartine has exhibited no philosophic grasp, no deep and searching learning, no appreciation and application of minor facts. His aim was chiefly to be pictorial; he has been so magnificently. His object was to produce portraiture, each one being distinct, but all mingling and grouping themselves into pictures; he has done so with striking vitality.

The wonderful eventualities which remain, and will remain for ever, as landmarks in the history of Lamartine—now warmed by the “sweet south” of prosperity; now beaten and bruised, but never crushed, by the sweeping hurricanes of political life—have made Lamartine familiar to the English people, familiar to the world. In literature even more than in politics Lamartine is identified with the nations. Associated with such high names and such ancestral lines as Montmorency, Talleyrand, Rohan, and the like, he has used his elevated position, his lofty watchtower, not as a place of self-isolation or voluntary absence from the pulsating crowd below, but as a pinnacle from whose sublime height he could behold and admire the cheerful suffering, the heroic self-sacrifices, the noble generosities of the poor. Now, while “the old man eloquent” gathers experience, he draws nearer, if such is possible, the social and political throbbings of the nations. The splendour of a Montmorency’s approval is, for the true author, but a wretched compensation for the loss of that approbation which springs from garrets and cottages—the humble but honest offering of artisans. We wish, as anxiously as Lamartine, that these *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters* could find their way into the hovels of our land; for they could not but sustain and ennoble the character of those who read. We certainly do not subscribe to an idea maintained by some critic, that biography is “melancholy,” because it is a history of the dead. Such belief would give, and probably has given, a false colour to the records of past deeds and departed men. In the history of the illustrious dead there is for the living more to elevate than depress, more that engenders exultation than pensiveness; and the volumes before us offer ample proof of this.

It is not our purpose to make extracts in accordance with the consecutiveness of the memoirs; but we shall merely transfer some of those portions of the work which most signally show the picturesque and brilliant situations of the French author.

We begin then with Nelson, a hero so thoroughly British, that the most obtuse and stupid biographer could scarcely destroy a fraction of his nationality. Lamartine has intensely displayed the hero, ardently depicted the man. The force of civilisation is maintained by such a man as Nelson. Members of the Peace Society can hardly be so unphilosophic as to deny this, since it is a strongly presumptive, if not an incontestable fact, that the life of an intensely energetic man sustains the energy of a people for centuries, aye, for all time, no matter whether this energy be directed to war or to social

triumphs. The value of Lamartine’s memoir of Nelson is in the distinct manner in which it presents the two chief phases of the hero’s life—the weakness of a love which led him into absolute cruelty, and the strength of a heroism which never knew defeat. Referring to the difference between the sailor and the soldier, Lamartine thus bursts forth with the eager enthusiasm natural to genius.

NAVAL AND MILITARY HEROISM.

Amongst the illustrious men who have filled the foremost ranks in national contests, we have always felt most interested and dazzled by heroes of the sea. The immensity, the power, the motion, the terrible attributes of the element on which they combat, seem to elevate them above the standard of humanity. This is not a vain, imaginative delusion, but a just estimate of their glory. The variety and extent of natural or acquired faculties which must of necessity be united in the same individual, to constitute a great naval leader, astonish the mind, and raise the perfect sailor beyond all comparison above ordinary warriors. The latter require only the single firmness which faces fire unmoved; the former must be endowed with the double valour which equally braves death and the fury of the elements. But the self-possession which suffices on shore will hardly be found efficient on the ocean. All the resources of intelligence must be combined with courage in the chief who directs the manœuvre or the broadside from the quarter-deck of an admiral’s vessel, or any other man-of-war. He must be endowed with science, to steer his course by the heavenly bodies; unweared vigilance, to preserve his ship from storms and quicksands; skill in handling the sails, which regulate the immense machine like a master-key; prompt daring, to rush into fire through tempest, to seek one death through another; self-possession, which dictates when to strike, or how to parry, the decisive blow; devotedness, which rises under the certainty of destruction, and sacrifices a ship to save the fleet; the ascendancy of a master-mind, which forces all to look for safety in a single voice; decision, which acts with the infallibility of inspiration; obedience, which yields up strong conviction to superior authority; discipline, which bows to the equality of established laws; calm aspect, with a beating heart, to inspire confidence in inferiors; manly grace and dignity of demeanour, to preserve in the close intercourse of a crowded ship the *prestige* which generals on shore maintain by seclusion and reserve, and which naval commanders must keep up in hourly and close communion; a prudent boldness in assuming the risk of responsibility in sudden emergencies, when a moment or a manœuvre may decide the fate of an empire. Disasters which cannot be foreseen or calculated, dark nights which scatter the squadron, storms which swallow up the vessels, fires which consume them, currents which run them aground, calms which neutralise them, rocks which dash them in pieces:—to foresee, provide for, and endure all these contingencies, with the stoicism of a mind that fights hand to hand with destiny; a narrow deck, with few witnesses, for the field of battle; a thankless glory, always ready to disappear, which is lost in a moment, and frequently never reaches the ears of your country; a death far distant from all you love, a coffin shrouded in the depths of ocean, or cast overboard as a fragment of shipwreck! This is an epitome of the sailor! an hundred dangers for a single ray of glory,—ten heroes concentrated in a single man! Such were the great naval warriors of France, of Spain, of England. Such was Nelson, the first and last of these Titans of the sea.

After tracing Nelson through the early stages of his rapid and signal success, we are led to the contemplation of his “fatal attachment” to Lady Hamilton—she who was “at first the Aspasia, and afterwards the Herodias of her age.” Here is a graphic description how this wonderful woman, the star of beauty, emerged from obscurity and blazed on the wondering world.

LADY HAMILTON’S YOUTH AND FORTUNES.

Her only name was Emma, for her father remained always unknown. She was one of the children of love, of crime, of mystery, whom nature delights to overwhelm with gifts in compensation for the loss of hereditary claims. Her mother was a poor farmer’s servant in the county of Chester. Whether she had lost her husband by death, or, like Hagar, had been abandoned by her seducer, she arrived, unknown and reduced to beggary, at a village in Wales, the Switzerland of England. She carried in her arms a female infant of a few months old. The beauty of both attracted the simple mountaineers of the village of Hawarden; the stranger picked up a livelihood by working for the farmers and gleaning in the fields. The marked and noble features of the child served to propagate the rumour that her birth was illustrious and mysterious; she was said to be a daughter of Lord Halifax. Nothing afterwards, either in her fortune or education, gave colour to the report. At the age of twelve she was received in a neighbouring family as children’s servant. The frequent visits of her master and mistress to London, where they resided in the house of their relative, the celebrated engraver, Boydell, gave her the first idea of the im-

pression her figure produced on the crowd in public places, and a vague presentiment of the high fortune to which her beauty would exalt her. At sixteen she made her escape from Hawarden, a field too obscure and circumscribed for her expanded dreams, and engaged herself in the household of a respectable tradesman in London. A lady of superior rank, struck by her appearance in the shop, elevated her to a higher position of servitude. Almost without employment in an opulent family, Emma gave herself up to the perusal of those fascinating romances which create an imaginary world for the love or ambition of youthful minds; she frequented the theatres, and imbibed there the first inspirations of the genius of dramatic expression, of action, and attitude, which she embodied afterwards in a new art, when she became the animated statue of beauty and passion. Being discharged by her mistress for some household negligence, her growing taste for the theatre induced her to seek a situation in the family of one of the managers. The irregularity and freedom of that establishment, the constant intercourse with actors, musicians, and dancers, initiated her in the subordinate mechanism of the dramatic art. She was then in the flower of her youth, and the full perfection of her beauty. Her tall and elegant figure equalled in natural grace the studied attitudes of the most practised figurantes. Her voice was soft, mellow, and capable of expressing deep tragic emotion. Her countenance, endowed with susceptibility as delicate and varying as the first feelings of a virgin mind, was, at the same time, pensive and dazzling. All who saw her at that period of her life agreed in describing her as a resuscitation of Psyche. Purity of soul, transparent through elegance of feature, surrounded her, even in her dependent position, with respect which admiration dared not overleap. She spread fire without being entangled in the flame herself; her innocence found a safeguard even in the excess of her beauty. Her first fall was not a descent to vice, but a gliding into imprudence arising from a yielding nature. A young countryman, of the village of Hawarden, son of the farmer who had first given an asylum to her mother, was seized by a press-gang, and carried in fetters to the fleet at anchor, in the Thames. Emma, at the entreaty of the prisoner’s sister, accompanied her to the captain of the ship to implore the liberation of her brother. Won by the beauty of the fair suppliant, he listened to her prayers and tears, removed her from her low though honest station, overwhelmed her with shameful luxury, furnished a house for her, supplied her with masters in every ornamental accomplishment, boastfully displayed his conquest in public, and left her, when the squadron sailed, exposed without safeguard to new seductions. One of his friends, bearing a noble name, and possessed of a large fortune, carried off the faithless Emma to an estate in the country, treated her as his wife, made her the queen of hunting-parties, fêtes, and balls; and finally, growing tired of her at the end of the season, left her in London, at the mercy of chance, necessity, and crime. Thrown back from this golden cloud on the hard pavement of the metropolis, and depreciated in the eyes of her former protectors by the publicity of her adventures, Emma was received by night, and in rags, under the care of one of those infamous procresses who carry on the trade of seduction. Accident alone preserved her from infamy. The woman who had given her shelter, struck by the natural grace and modesty of her demeanour, and astonished at her overwhelming charms, introduced her as a natural miracle to a celebrated physician, eminent for his admiration of female beauty. This was the well-known Dr. Graham (the inventor of the celestial bed), a voluptuous and mystical quack, who professed to worship and to possess some profound intelligences respecting the secrets of nature, by which means he had acquired a suspicious and fantastic reputation. Dr. Graham loudly expressed his admiration at the sight of the young orphan, and liberally rewarded her introducer. He received her into his own house, publicly advertised that he possessed a rare example of the efficacy of his specifics to produce the perfections of life, beauty, and health, in a human being; and called upon the incredulous to come and convince themselves by looking on an animated image of the goddess Hygeia. At this appeal, addressed to licentiousness rather than science, the disciples of Graham crowded mysteriously to his amphitheatre. The unfortunate victim of her own charms appeared clothed in transparent garments, in the costume of divinity; her covering scarcely concealed her blushes. The pride of the physician, and the enthusiasm of the spectators, burst forth in loud acclamations. Painting and statuary had never before presented ideal form and colouring equal to this example of living nature. Painters and sculptors vied in rivalry to copy from this divine original. Amongst them, Romney, one of the leading artists of the day, produced many duplicates of the same lovely countenance. He painted the fair Emma, as the goddesses of the heathen mythology, and under the attributes of the leading heroines of poetry and the drama. These portraits, being engraved, multiplied throughout Europe the features of the unknown beauty. Romney, like Apelles, subdued by Camapses, became enamoured of his model, and carried her off from Graham as an exhaustless treasure of art and fortune. He sold for their weight

in gold her portraits, either as the sorceress Circe, or as Innocence holding a sensitive plant, and astonished at the motion of the flower. This anonymous publicity at the same time protected her modesty. The produce of her *attitudes*, which she received from Graham and Romney, enabled her to live in London in the shadow of respectable retirement. The celebrated Madame Lebrun, artist in ordinary to the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, painted her at this time as a Bacchante, and carried her features over to France. A young Englishman, of the illustrious house of Warwick, Mr. Greville, nephew to Sir William Hamilton, ambassador at Naples, discovered Emma in this obscurity. Passion made him believe in her virtue; he loved, and endeavoured to seduce her. Whether she really desired to redeem the errors of her early life, or preferred an honourable name to a large fortune, she steadily resisted his solicitations, and was only won by a promise of marriage as soon as the consent of his family could be conquered by perseverance. They lived as man and wife during several years. Three children followed this secret union, and nothing for a time disturbed their happiness. Emma, always grateful and warm-hearted, even at the expense of pride, sent for her indigent mother to reside with her, and treated her with respect and kindness, in spite of her servile condition. In 1789, after this interval of domestic happiness, constantly interrupted by the remonstrances of his relations, Greville, deprived of his salaries of office, and pressed by accumulated debt, hesitated between the necessity and sorrow of casting off the woman he considered as his wife. Their mutual grief at the prospect of separation poisoned the last days of their intercourse. At this crisis, Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton, arrived in London. He was unmarried, master of a large fortune, and intended his nephew for his heir. But his aristocratic consequence revolted from the idea of acknowledging, as his grand-nephews, the children of a prostitute. He refused either to consent to the marriage of Greville, or to pay his debts; the nephew saw no resource but in the intercession of his mistress. Emma, at his suggestion, attired herself in the garb of her infancy, and, in a stuff gown and straw hat, waited upon his uncle. She threw herself at his feet, confessed her fault, shed tears as persuasive as they were genuine, appealed to the tender pledges of her love, and besought Sir William to pardon the father and mother for the sake of the unfortunate children. Her triumph was more signal than she anticipated. The old man, fascinated by features and accents which surpassed all he had ever looked on or listened to, either in the classic master-pieces of Athenian statuary, or on the voluptuous boards of the Italian opera-houses, yielded to the seduction which had ensnared his nephew. The same love which he had refused to understand, revenged itself by reducing him to the thralldom of Greville. The beauty of Emma overpowered him, and, like one seized by sudden madness, he forgot, after two or three interviews, his age, his rank, his repugnance to matrimony, her obscure birth and irregular life, the mutual affection long subsisting between her and her paramour, the living pledges of their love, the scandal and infamy of a traffic in female charms; and, finally, purchased the possession of the venal beauty by the discharge of his nephew's embarrassments. They were privately married in London, and Sir William hastened back to Naples with his prize, leaving his union undeclared. Her beauty dazzled Italy as it had previously fascinated England. But the knowledge of her avocation as a model, which could not be concealed, and a rumour of the shameless bargain between the uncle and nephew, preceded her to Naples. The ambassador, to stifle these reports, and re-establish his idol, was compelled to the ceremony of a public marriage. Scandal disappeared before the rank and resistless charms of the young ambassadress. She was presented at Court, and at the first glance won the admiration and enthusiastic attachment of the Queen.

To say the least, it is generous to believe that Nelson did not know the charming Emma's antecedents. His spontaneous love arose for Lady Hamilton, to all appearance as distinct a being as could be conceived from the ragged wanderer of London streets, or the woman who sat as the model of a Circe or a Bacchante. This enchantress exercised a stern influence over the conduct of Nelson—so stern, that it left deep and everlasting shadows on the splendid fame of the hero.

THE EXECUTION OF CARACCIOLI.

Nelson did not even preserve his own ship from the stain of blood under this royal "reign of terror." The Neapolitan admiral, Caraccioli, formerly his comrade in arms in the combined operations of the two fleets, had attended the King to Sicily as a faithful adherent. After the revolution was accomplished, he returned to Naples, to preserve his estates from confiscation, with the full permission of his sovereign. Raised against his own desire by the new government to the command-in-chief of the naval forces, as a tribute to his reputation and acknowledged ability, he had been guilty of serving his country during the interregnum. His numerous friends, foreseeing the vengeance of the Queen, had assisted him to escape from the forts, during the negotiations for surrender,

in the dress of a Calabrian peasant. Arrested, examined, recognised, and carried back to Naples with his hands bound behind his back, he was delivered up, on the order of Nelson, to the English squadron. It was universally believed that the apparent imprisonment of the unfortunate Caraccioli was hospitality in disguise, and that no punishment could reach the guest of Great Britain. But Lady Hamilton had resolved to convert an English man-of-war into a scaffold for the most illustrious of the Neapolitans. Nelson received Caraccioli on board the *Foudroyant*, at that time the residence of himself and his mistress. A court-martial assembled there by his orders, of which Count Thurn was appointed president. Caraccioli appeared before his judges;—he asked permission to produce justificatory documents and evidences of his conduct during the interregnum. The court considered the demand just, and referred it to Nelson, who directed them to proceed to sentence without delay. They obeyed, and condemned the prisoner to perpetual banishment. Nelson, when the result was communicated to him, peremptorily ordered the word exile to be erased, and substituted death. An hour afterwards the wretched victim, bound with cords, was conveyed in a boat on board his own flag-ship, the *Minerva*, to undergo the punishment of a common malefactor. Lady Hamilton, shut up with Nelson in the cabin of the *Foudroyant*, refused to see all intercessors, who, reckoning on female influence, had implored her compassion. Nelson himself remained obstinately deaf to the suggestions of his officers. The Court demanded the blood of Caraccioli, and love repaid him for abetting in the crime. Arrived on board the *Minerva*, which was anchored alongside the *Foudroyant*, Caraccioli prepared for death without losing courage: he complained only of the ignominy of the punishment. "I am an old man," he said to the officer under whose charge he was placed; "my grey hairs tell me that in the course of nature I shall soon terminate my career; I leave neither widow nor orphans to mourn my loss; I do not object to death; but, after seventy-two years of honourable life, it is hard to have the disgrace of the gibbet attached to my memory. Entreat the English admiral, formerly my friend and companion in arms, to permit me to be shot instead of undergoing the infamy of being hanged." The English officer to whom he addressed this appeal ordered the execution to be suspended until he could report to Nelson, who remained closely shut up in his cabin. "Do your duty, sir," replied the Admiral sternly, and turned away to avoid further remonstrance. Caraccioli, hoisted by the neck to the main yard-arm of the *Minerva*, suffered the punishment of the most infamous criminal, to the satisfaction of some, the regret of others, and to the indelible disgrace of all concerned, and, above all, to the injury of Nelson's fame. Lady Hamilton, it has been said, mounted on the poop of the *Foudroyant* to contemplate the corpse of this victim of the Queen, which remained suspended until nightfall on its floating gibbet. When darkness had enveloped the fleet, two heavy cross-bar shot were attached to the feet of the body, which was then thrown into the sea. But the sea rejected the offering. Three days afterwards, King Ferdinand returned from Palermo, and entered the Bay of Naples on board an English man-of-war commanded by Captain Hardy. Standing on the quarter-deck, he read the sentences of death and proscription which the Queen his wife intended to carry into effect before he landed, that the feet of her husband might be bathed in the blood of the condemned. Lady Hamilton, who had preceded her friend, to convey the earliest intelligence of her proceedings, stood near the King with Nelson, and a crowd of obsequious courtiers attended the Queen. The sea was agitated, and high waves gathered round the stern of the vessel. Suddenly the form of an aged man, visible to the waist, rose erect above the water, with dishevelled and dripping hair, and appeared to be following the ship. An exclamation of horror burst forth from all the beholders. The King looked over the side and recognised the features of his admiral. "What does the dead require of us?" said he, addressing his confessor, who stood behind him. "It seems," answered the monk, "as if God had permitted him to return and demand Christian sepulture." "Let it be so," replied the King, as he retired from the deck in consternation, while the English sailors extricated the corpse from the sea and carried it ashore, to be interred in the small fisherman's church of Santa Lucia, on the quay of Naples. The storm had broken the cords which attached the cannon-balls to the feet of Caraccioli, and the body, swelled with water, had spontaneously risen to the surface. By a sort of natural miracle, divine wrath appeared thus to chastise and condemn political vengeance.

As our space will not allow us to be consecutive, we hasten to the last moments and death of the greatest of naval heroes. It is an oft-told tale, and yet it cannot be too often repeated, because it is calculated to teach whining cowards the exceeding grandeur of heroism, arising from a rigid performance of duties.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

His love, like that of the knights of the chivalric ages, resembled a religious fervour inspired by beauty. As his servants were stowing away the furniture of his cabin, and clearing for action, when they moved

the portrait of Lady Hamilton to a place of security between decks, he exclaimed, "Take care of my guardian angel!" and then for the last time fixed his eyes on the cherished features. Having bestowed the necessary attention on those he expected to survive him, Nelson returned to his quarter-deck, and stood there surrounded by his most attached companions-in-arms, with every thought now concentrated on the approaching enemy. He appeared to be calm and serious, presenting a contrast to his usual gay and animated manner, at the commencement of an action. He was no longer the fiery warrior of Aboukir, communicating a portion of his own ardent soul to the thunder of his broadsides. The combined fleet advanced in close order, with a determination and speed which rapidly diminished the intervening distance, and placed beyond a doubt the certainty of immediate battle. Nelson felt equally confident of victory to his country, and death for himself. He spoke freely of the expected result, in conversation with his officers. "How many of the enemy's ships do you think we ought to take or destroy?" demanded he of his friend Blackwood. "Twelve or fifteen," replied the gallant captain. "That will not do," retorted Nelson; "less than twenty will not satisfy me." A few minutes before the two fleets were within range, Nelson, who had reserved for the last moment the signal of encouragement he was accustomed to issue to his sailors, and eagerly expected by them, exhibited from the mast-head of the *Victory* his memorable word of battle, embracing in one short sentence the grand emotions which lead the brave to rush fearlessly on to death—patriotism, a sense of duty, and confidence of triumph. The signal ran thus:—"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY." A cry of enthusiastic admiration burst from every deck as these words became legible. The soul of Nelson, inspired by the sense of duty, appealed to those under him through the same principle which animated himself. He was understood and answered. Every officer and sailor in the fleet responded to the call, with the fullest confidence in their leader. We may parallel this brief harangue of Nelson, with the similar address of Bonaparte to his troops in Egypt. In these the genius of the two nations and the two leaders is mutually characterised. "Soldiers!" said Napoleon; "from the summit of those Pyramids, forty ages are looking down upon you." "England," said Nelson, addressing his hardy mariners by signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." In the one case, the appeal is made to glory; in the other to patriotism. The Englishman cannot separate his own fame from that of his country. The Frenchman combats for the applause of the whole world. Renown intoxicates the one; duty is sufficient for the other. Posterity will judge both according to their endowments and deeds. "And now," exclaimed Nelson, as his ear caught the acclamations with which his signal was received, "I can do no more. May the Almighty Disposer of all things decide the event according to his will, and the justice of our cause. I thank Him humbly for this great occasion of discharging my duty." An instant after, Hardy came down again, his face beaming with joy, and, taking Nelson by the hand, announced to him a complete and undisputed victory. He could not yet name exactly the number of vessels that adorned his triumph; but he could answer for fifteen or sixteen at least. "Tis well!—tis excellent!" exclaimed Nelson; "but yet,"—as he thought of his conversation in the morning with Blackwood,—"I had bargained for twenty." Then, raising his voice, and speaking with great rapidity and decision, "Anchor, Hardy," said he; "bring the fleet to an anchor before night." Hardy signified that this care would devolve on Collingwood, who by his rank would now command the fleet. "No, no; not while I live!" replied the Admiral, making an effort to raise himself in his bed; "obey my orders, and anchor! Anchor before night—have everything in readiness to anchor!" He had predicted from the early morning a heavy gale of wind, which he expected to come on at night, and which would prove equally dangerous to the victors and the vanquished. The thought of placing the fleet in safety by bringing them to anchor was never for a moment absent from his mind. "Don't fling me overboard," said he to Hardy; "I wish to repose with my family in the churchyard of my native village,—unless," he added, thinking of Westminster Abbey, "my King and country may be pleased to order otherwise. But, above all, my dear Hardy," continued he, with a burst of tender regard increased by the near prospect of eternal separation, "take care of Lady Hamilton! Hardy, watch over the unfortunate Lady Hamilton!" After a moment of silence, as if to receive from his friend a pledge that his last wishes should be faithfully executed, "Embrace me, Hardy," he said. Hardy bent forward, and kissed him on the cheek. "It is well," added Nelson; "I am now satisfied. Thank God, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY!" Hardy, seeing his eyelids close, remained a moment longer watching his failing respiration, inclined once more towards him, and kissed him on the forehead. "Who is that?" inquired Nelson, opening his eyes. "It is Hardy, who takes leave of you," replied the Captain. "God bless you, Hardy," murmured the dying Admiral, endeavouring to recognise the features of his friend. Hardy returned to his post, and saw him no more in

life. The chaplain knelt in prayer by the side of his cot. Nelson saw and made a sign that he recognised him. "Doctor," said he, "I have not been a very great sinner." Then, after a long silence, "Remember," he added, "I bequeath Lady Hamilton, and my little daughter, Horatia, to my country." He then fell into a sort of sleep, while his lips uttered inarticulate sounds, in which the names of Emma, Horatia, and his country, were partly distinguishable. Then, raising himself with a final effort, he repeated three times the last words of his memorable signal, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" Immediately afterwards he expired as he had lived, a noble and undaunted warrior.

How the bequest of "my little daughter" has been answered by England is well enough known. We shall not debate the gratitude or ingratitude of successive English Governments since the famous battle of Trafalgar. One fact, however, will tell its own tale. Only so lately as last week, Vice-Admiral Sir William Dillon, Sir Edward Lytton, Mr. Joseph Hume, and others, waited on Mr. Gladstone in order to induce him to grant "a pension to Nelson's daughter." *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;* but this involves a condition. It certainly is glorious to die for one's country if that death does not bring neglect on one's kindred.

(To be continued.)

THE sixth volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's popular and cheap, but neatly got up, edition of *Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England*, is a very attractive one. It is occupied entirely with the life of Mary Beatrice of Modena; and it is one of the most carefully wrought biographies of the series. A portrait of the Queen serves as frontispiece, and her escape with the Prince of Wales is presented in the vignette title. Some fac-simile signatures of Mary's and James II. much increase the value of the work. —A new edition has been issued of *The Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil, M.A.*, late Rector of Busby. —The Rev. J. Parker has written a small memoir of one *William Nightingale*, a private in the 84th Regiment, which he seeks "to improve" to pious uses. —*God's Image in Ebony* (is not this title somewhat indecorous?) is a series of biographical sketches, designed to demonstrate the mental powers and intellectual capacities of the negro race. Much industry has been bestowed upon the gathering together of a number of facts, some curious and some not worth the copying. —The sixth volume of the new edition of *The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay* continues her remarkable history from the year 1793 to 1812.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Ultima Thule. By THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY. London: Chapman.

Ultima Thule is New Zealand; and Mr. Cholmondeley is a gentleman who went out with the first batch of Canterbury colonists, as a spectator rather than a settler. He continued there two or three years, taking part in all the affairs, agricultural, commercial, political, and religious, of the infant colony, not omitting meanwhile to observe, reflect, and theorise on all that he did and saw. He is now returned to the old country, and presents the public with the result of his experience in the book which forms the subject of the present notice. It is a pleasant book, written in a style of quaint simplicity which always pleases, and now and then provokes a smile. It shows considerable reading of very miscellaneous character, from Homer to Alfred Tennyson, from the judicious Hooker to the injudicious M. Cabet, from Bishop Butler to Jeremy Bentham, from Mr. Newman of Oxford, Rome, and Dublin, to Mr. Newman of the London University; and its author, being of a moralising turn, and having a good memory, presents us with frequent quotations from these, his literary friends, not expected in a work which informs us likewise of the price of wool and tallow, and the important duties of inspectors of scabbed sheep; but, nevertheless, not *mal apropo*, and encouraging to those connected with a literary journal, as showing that their special province is not unrepresented in those distant regions, and that there may be room ere long for the *New Zealand Critic and Canterbury Literary Journal*.

The author's interest in New Zealand was of old standing.

The imagination of my boyhood surrounded the tattooed natives with a halo of delightful mystery. Their warlike power was tremendous, their aspect ferocious, their cruelty unutterable; unfortunate white men seldom escaped, and then only half-roasted, from their horrid orgies; their priests were wizards, and they loved the flesh of missionaries more than any other food.

This was the poetry of youth; his book soon proceeds to the prose of maturer age.

He gives us a sketch of the history of New Zealand, its present condition and prospects, its agriculture, pastoral pursuits, and commerce; informs us at length who ought and who ought not to emigrate; describes the effects of emigration on the parent country, and on the emigrants themselves; and finally gives us three long and able chapters on the Constitution, on the Church, and on the State of Society.

He agrees with most other writers in describing New Zealand as a very fine country, but not so fine as England:

It is necessary as a first step, before presuming to offer either information or advice to one who leaves such a country (as our own), to warn him plainly that he will never look upon its like again.

The New Zealand harvests are plentiful; but, before a blade can grow, land has to be cleared at the rate of at least 10*l.* an acre; nor is the average produce equal to that of a well-cultivated English farm. New Zealand pastures support their 700,000 sheep, and may ere long support ten times as many; but

The wild grass is long and thin, often choked with stones, and infested by fern and prickly bushes and shrubs. . . . It requires between two and three acres of grass-land to provide a year's grazing for a sheep.

Yet, to the proper sort of emigrants, it holds out almost a certain prospect of success. Mr. Cholmondeley reviews the different classes of persons whom he recommends to emigrate to New Zealand. The small capitalist has a good opening, if he avoids agriculture, and sticks to sheep-farming; for—

Agriculture never succeeds in inexperienced hands. It is always expensive, laborious, and yielding small returns. Let it alone. Sheep-farming is unquestionably a very profitable investment. The best judges consider a capital of from one to two thousand pounds quite enough to commence with in this business. . . . Sheep-farming, like any other business, requires to be learnt; but it presents none of the difficulties attendant on the practical acquisition of a knowledge of agriculture.

The person most sure of success is, however, the skilled artisan. From instances of the success of such persons, which Mr. C. relates from his own personal experience, we insert the following, which will also serve as a specimen of his style of narration:

The second case which I shall lay before my readers shall be that of a shoemaker, a thoroughly honest and excellent man, who had been for some time resident in New Zealand when I arrived there. He was a German, having been born, I believe, on the banks of the Rhine; and I never shall forget the delight which he witnessed on obtaining a sight of a volume of Schiller, which I happened to have about me. He borrowed it, and I took care never to ask for it again. This man had been one of the first among the French and German colonists who formed the little settlement of Akaroa some years ago. He has told me himself that, on arriving in New Zealand, he was not worth a single farthing. At present his property, consisting of land, houses, and cattle, is worth between two and three thousand pounds. His neighbours reckoned it at that; and, I believe, very justly. He commenced life in New Zealand upon the earnings of his trade, the savings of which he gradually invested in the manner above mentioned. When I was at Akaroa, I remember being much struck with the easy, careless way in which he lived—seldom working, except he was particularly solicited. Of him too it may be said that, if his interest was connected with his adopted country, his love was with his own old home. He had a very large family, and it might, under such circumstances, have well been deemed madness ever to think of returning to Germany. Yet this he appeared sometimes half inclined to do solely and only from his passionate attachment to the land of his birth. His house was quite in the German style; and for his hospitality, I can only say that, on the occasion of my visit, he made me drink nearly two bottles of wine, and was very urgent in his entreaties to me to stay a few days with him, "when," said he, "I will introduce you to several of my friends, and particularly to my neighbour the miller, who sings a capital German song." I do not suppose that there was in reality the slightest probability of this man returning to Europe, inasmuch as he is far too comfortable off where he is to think of leaving Akaroa. Shoes, even of the commonest description, could not at that time be obtained under 20*l.* a pair, and strong boots cost much more; so that the shoemaker had every reason to sing over his last. It appears, indeed, that the solidity and durability of the shoes which my friend Breitmeyer (for that was his name) was in the habit of making had somewhat declined with the increase of his prosperity. He told me, with a knowing look, that he had been lately reproved by the Roman Catholic clergyman at

Akaroa, for not providing him with better shoes. "On which I answered," said he, "that I had accidentally sent him a pair of Protestant shoes."

For which speech of his, friend Breitmeyer will catch it again, as soon as Mr. C.'s book reaches the hands of his Reverence of Akaroa.

The *really valuable* farm-labourer is another class sure to succeed very rapidly: the *indifferent* labourer will have to struggle, but, if temperate and industrious, will succeed at last.

For professional men there is less opening:

With regard to the medical profession (says Mr. C.) the market always appeared to me to be somewhat overstocked; nor is there any lack of lawyers. Ability in either profession is sure to be rewarded. We must simply guard against the erroneous notion, which appears to have been extensively spread in England, that second-rate or broken-down practitioners are likely to succeed in a colony. A colony in this respect resembles an old country—people will not purchase second-rate advice unless they are absolutely forced to do so by the want of good advice on which they can depend.

The only class sure of failure is that of young gentlemen who know no useful art and have no money.

On matters relating to the Constitution in Church and in State, Mr. Cholmondeley is strongly of opinion that the colonies should be allowed to govern themselves. We think that the two chapters in which he treats of these subjects contain very just ideas, such as would occur to few except those who are, like him, at once both Englishmen and colonists, having ties and interests both in the old country and the new. We cannot follow him through his reasonings, but we select, as a specimen, the following, in which he develops his patriotic aspirations, and which contains a truth of imperial interest, which would seem obvious to any one who has the slightest smattering of politics, or even of geography, but which not one in a thousand educated Englishmen has the least idea of.

What is the British empire? It is rapidly taking up its position as a vast federation of states, governed by one sovereign, and worked with variations to suit different circumstances, yet according to one policy. If there is one thing more than another which indicates to any thinking mind the barrenness and feebleness of at least a section of that Whig school to which we are indebted for our last Reform Bill, it is that they have never thoroughly appreciated the existence, or believed in the destinies, of the *British imperial federation*. They were right in their judgment of objects as far as the range of their vision extended,—they could understand the dignity of England's position as a nursing mother of future mighty nations; but they never could understand that it was possible that a permanent connection could be established between the different nations and countries which belong to the British empire. Accordingly, they educated the colonies for independent states; and in so doing, they have done their very best to divide and break up their country. . . . We have observed that the British empire is gradually undergoing a change; a change which need not in the slightest degree affect the political constitution of Great Britain; but a change which, if the empire is to continue at all, will absolutely necessitate the introduction not only of an imperial code, but of an *imperial court of adjudication*, to interpret that code, and to decide upon any dispute which may arise, whether between one limb of the empire and another, or between the whole empire and one of its constituent states.

He considers the true model of this to be found in the federal relations established by the constitution of the United States, and continues thus:

It is surely necessary that the colonies should, as soon as possible, understand their true place, and rise to the dignity of states; this they are determined to do; and, so far from this being a source of regret to us, our interest and even our pride require that no artificial obstacles be thrown in the way. Let New Zealand, for instance, have its acknowledged position, and in course of time its voice, as a state in the empire.

We believe this to be the greatest political question of the day. Unless England and her colonies are bound together in a close and durable confederacy, she will sink into a second-rate power before this generation is over. The scale of the great states of the world is enlarging. France is capable of a vast development. Germany will, ere long, see the day so wished for by her true-hearted sons, when there will be no Austria, and no Prussia, but one united German Fatherland; and when that day comes, she will, by the union, have doubled her power. Russia has as yet scarcely begun to develop her colossal resources. The United States may double its population and wealth in every successive decennial period for centuries to come. But England will soon have cultivated her last acre, and opened

the last vein of metal in her ground, and her population is even now almost larger than she can bear. Unless she can extend her basis, she must be left behind. And the only way of extending it is by taking in the colonies. Thus the great political work of the day is that to which our author alludes in our last quotation from his book, the formation into one strongly organised body of the confederate states of the British Empire. If this is ever done, the statesman who does it may take his place by the side of Washington.

Transcaucasia: Sketches of the Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian. By Baron von HAXTHAUSEN. London.

The Land of Promise; or, my Impressions of Australia. By the Author of "Golden Dreams," &c. London.

The Land of Sinin: or China and Chinese Missions. By the Rev. W. GILLESPIE. Edinburgh: Macphail.

Is Circassia henceforth to be admitted into the European family as a distinct state, entitled to the honours of an independent existence, and having a claim upon the assistance of those more powerful nations who have taken upon themselves the preservation of the balance of power? That is a question which will soon come on for practical decision by the statesmen of England, France, and Austria, and upon the solution of which will hang the destinies of the human race for a century to come. The people of a country which has thus grown into sudden importance, and whose fate may involve our own, cannot but be interesting to English readers; and every particular respecting them will be welcomed if it comes from a trustworthy narrator.

Although Baron Haxthausen's tour was limited to the provinces south of Circassia, and lying between the Caucasus and Persia on the one side and Turkey on the other, he gives us occasional glimpses of the mountain land that is now the seat of so fierce a war. The region traversed by the Baron is under the dominion of Russia; and thus we obtain an insight into the government of that great empire in its remote provinces. The Baron is a friendly reporter; nevertheless he cannot conceal from himself the glaring faults of Russian rule, which are probably the necessary results of despotism in distant districts where it can act only by deputy. Generally the population is composed of a mixture of Georgian and Armenian Christians with Mahomedans, the former predominating; and probably the reader will be surprised to learn that religious toleration prevails to an extent known only in England and France—nay, greater than our own, because in England toleration is only the rule of the law, it is not the practice of the people; whereas in the Russian provinces here introduced to us the people as well as the Government are tolerant.

In these countries no hostile feelings appear to exist between Mohammedans and Christians, nor between the various tribes. The Mohammedan Tartars, Circassians, and Persians, and the Christian Georgians and Armenians, inhabit the same villages, maintain friendly intercourse, and sometimes even eat together on the same carpet; each, however, strictly complying with the requirements of his own faith, and adhering to their respective national manners, customs, and dress. Only between sects of the same religion—as between the Shiite and Sunnite Mohammedans, and those Armenians belonging to the National and to the Romish Church—is there enmity. All, however, avoid social intercourse with the Jews.

The visit of the Baron was made so long ago as 1843; but ten years have not wrought the same changes in those regions as in Western Europe, so the descriptions of places and people are as accurate now as then they were. He also notes thus of

THE RUSSIAN OFFICIALS.

It is, as I have before observed, probable that serfdom did not formerly exist among the peasantry in Georgia and Mingrelia, and was not introduced until the occupation of these countries by Russia;—not by law, which would never be sanctioned by the Emperors Paul, Alexander, and Nicholas; but in the ordinary course of administration. The Russian officials were accustomed to regard the peasants in their own country as serfs, and naturally looked upon those living under the nobles and princes in Georgia in the same light. The Crown peasants in Russia have been emancipated since the time of Alexander, and the same class in Georgia are consequently free likewise. The existence in all these countries of a certain system and constitution in family and communal life, arising out of manners and customs, and even sanctioned by law, however defective (in Georgia, indeed, by the Vakhtang code of laws) was entirely dis-

regarded by Russian officials. They were far too indolent to study the social condition of the people, and followed only the laws and principles of administration to which they were accustomed, and which they brought from Russia; whilst their rule was not a little marked by arbitrary conduct, with occasional extortion and spoliation; the superintendence and control being naturally much feebler and more ineffectual in the Caucasian provinces than elsewhere. The entire administration was at the same time of a military character; and all complaints, even those of a merely civil nature, were referred to the General in command. As a natural result of this state of things, a bitter animosity to the Russians and the Russian Government grew up amongst all these Caucasian tribes. On occasion of a journey which the Emperor Nicholas made, in October 1837, through these provinces, it is said that the tschinowniks, or officials, issued an order that no petitions should be presented to him. At Akhalzik, the inhabitants of an entire village were seen kneeling on the road in silence as the Emperor drove past, and this circumstance recurred several times. The Emperor inquired of the people what it meant; they replied, that they were forbidden to approach him with petitions. Thereupon the people poured forth to meet the Emperor in such numbers, that during his journey only as far as Erivan, about fourteen hundred petitions and complaints were preferred to him.

This is the Baron's description of

ANAPA.

At about three o'clock we reached the harbour of the fortress of Anapa, an important military post, the possession of which was long contested by the Russians and Turks. From this place the Circassians were formerly supplied by the Turks with arms and ammunition; selling them in return their youths and maidens, and their Russian prisoners. Anapa is poor and wretchedly built, the only traces of European comfort being the newly-erected houses of the Russian civil and military officers. The Commandant, Colonel Von Roth, has laid out a pretty garden, whence the Caucasian range is seen, stretching out as it were in terraces. Amongst the troops of this garrison was a body of about a hundred Circassians, whom the commandant had disciplined after his own fashion; this corps was composed partly of volunteers and deserters, and partly of prisoners who had taken service. They were fine-looking men, rarely exceeding the ordinary stature, and of a slender build, but full of nerve; their nobility of blood was indicated in the beautiful aristocratic hands and feet; the countenances of these men were handsome and full of expression; but we saw Tatar, Mongol, European, and Asiatic features in great mixture and variety—more blue than black eyes. It is clear that the Circassians are a mixed race. Colonel Von Roth ordered some cavalry exercises. The admirable beauty and lightness of the horse, together with the extraordinary dexterity of the horsemen, equipped in their equestrian dress, presented a strange but noble spectacle. Some sheets of paper were laid upon the ground; and the horsemen, dashing along at full gallop, fired their pistols in passing, and almost every time hit the paper. We left Anapa as evening closed in, and early the following morning reached the harbour of Soojouk-Kale, the Turkish name of the place, from the Kale, or small fortress, erected here (and elsewhere along the whole coast), by the Turks; all these forts were afterwards successively captured by the Russians. The Circassian name of the place is Temess; the Russians call it Novorussiask. The first view of the harbour is extremely beautiful; it lies very advantageously, the sea forming a small and deep bay, surrounded by lofty mountains, the narrow entrance being formed by two projecting headlands. As a harbour it possesses little value, the bottom of the sea within it being so rocky that anchors have difficulty in holding. The Bora, or north-east wind, frequently sets in with unexpected fury, and strands the vessels with a fearful shock.

And this of

TIFLIS.

We reached Tiflis at eleven o'clock. This town has a peculiar aspect: on the side from which we entered, the quarter inhabited by the Russians, it has a perfectly European look; straight streets, rows of modern houses, elegant shops, milliners, apothecaries, even a bookseller, with cafés, public buildings, a government palace, churches with cupolas and towers, the various Russian military uniforms with French paletots and frock-coats, quite transported us back to Europe. But where this European town ends, one of a perfectly Asiatic character begins, with bazaars, caravansaries, and long streets, in which the various trades are carried on in open shops. In one part is seen a row of smithies, the men all hammering away at their anvils, heedless of the crowds of passers-by. Then follows another row of houses, where tailors are seated at work, in precisely the same fashion, and with the same gesticulations and agility, as with us. After these succeed shoemakers, furriers, &c. The population is no less varied and interesting; here Tartars, in the costume from which the so-called Polish dress is evidently derived; in another part thin, sunburnt Persians, with loose flowing dresses; Koords, with a bold and enterprising look; Lesghis and Circassians, engaged in their traffic of horses; lastly, the beauti-

ful Georgian women, with long flowing veils and high-heeled slippers; nearly all the population displaying a beauty of varied character which no other country can exhibit—an effect heightened by the parti-coloured, picturesquely, and beautiful costumes. In no place are both the contrasts and the connecting links between Europe and Asia found in the same immediate juxtaposition as in Tiflis.

The *Land of Promise* contains a vast quantity of instructive facts, mixed with much speculation which is of very doubtful utility. The author is well acquainted with the country he describes, and has studied its society and its prospects; and, having looked a little below the surface, thinks he is a better witness than most of those who print their experiences of Australia for the information of their countrymen at home. We extract, as specimens, some of his more interesting facts. Here is a capital sketch of

MELBOURNE.

The emigrant who lands at Melbourne must not expect to find it a reproduction of London, or any other civilised capital; in numbers it might equal many; but, as its existence is comparatively speaking, but of yesterday, social relations are not yet established, nor are the public works adequate for the requirements of the population. The difference between a community long settled and one just forming in Melbourne is strikingly manifest. Comforts and discomforts are there jumbled together in strange contrast. The streets are unpaved, yet the shops which line them display the choicest articles; the people live in tents, yet inside them may be perceived rosewood furniture and Turkey carpets. The streets are thronged with a promiscuous assemblage: sordid calculation and reckless profusion are in juxtaposition; traders eager to accumulate, and diggers lavish in expenditure—while a feverish excitement appears to pervade every branch of trade. The characters and customers are evidently English; but the outlines are more striking than one is accustomed to. It is curious to analyse the different groups; some have a wondering look, tinged with anxiety, as if they had in fact dropped from the clouds. Any one watching their irregular movements would at once pronounce them to be new arrivals. The West-end swell, the precise cit, and the Houndsditch Jew have come hither on speculation; they appear extremely bewildered, undecided how to settle down. Those pale bustling men are citizen colonists; they move evidently with an object in view, and waste no more time than is necessary in colloquy. Bushmen have countenances more bronzed, more bearded, and horny hands. Here are three arriving in town, dirty and dusty, each of whom has a dray loaded with bales, weighing 300lbs. each, the value of the whole perhaps 300. The squatters' harvest proceeds down the street, and at length arrives at the wool-sorter's; bale after bale is there examined with a critical eye, then warehoused for shipment. Strolling up the street is an aboriginal; he carries a spear, and over him is thrown a dirty blanket, whilst on one foot he wears a boot that cripples him, and a stock, which he has picked up in the street, serves as a bracelet for his wrist. Behind him is his wife, who has a wicker basket over her shoulder, containing a dead kitten, a sheep's head, and sundry crusts. Her hair is dripping with grease, a straw is thrust through the cartilage of the nose, and pipe-clay hieroglyphics adorn her countenance; her main article of covering is an oppussum-skin cloak; these make excellent rugs, but, if purchased of aborigines, the tenants prove a great incumbrance on the property. The site of Melbourne admits of its becoming a very fine city; the streets are laid out in parallelograms. The main ones, which are nine in number, average a mile in length, and the cross-ones half that distance; but the disproportion between the main streets and the lateral communications is supposed to be an error. Bad drainage, and the want of a wholesome supply of water by pipes, are evils of great magnitude. But not until the town becomes less of a camp, and more of a community, will any universal action for a future and general benefit be organised. The feeling of citizenship has to grow up; as yet, the mass of the community are strangers to the place and to each other. The population of Melbourne is already 80,000, and the rapid progress of building, to accommodate those that shall in, causes one to marvel at its daily growth. Houses and shops, and stores, are now built, and in progress, which would do credit to many a European city. Of course they are still few and far between—they do not stand in the stately rows and terraces of the old world; but rather, like the few good teeth in an old man's jaw, they rise at intervals prominently amidst the surrounding dilapidation. The simile will not bear extension, however; for age, instead of increasing, is gradually filling up, the unsightly gaps. The principal streets exhibit many fine edifices: among others might be enumerated the House of Assembly, Town-hall, Custom-house, and Mechanics' Institution; we might also mention that an elegant arcade, containing eighty shops, between Lonsdale-street and Little Bourke-street, has just been completed.

Let us turn from this new community to an older and more settled one—

SYDNEY.

The sun has set, and as night gives but slight intimation of its approach, we return to the city. The streets are lit with gas, and brilliant burners illuminate the shops. Meantime certain inward cravings remind us that nature needs sustenance; we suspend further investigations, and seek out a respectable hotel. A waiter, napkin in hand, is standing at the door of one, and deferentially ushers us in. The dining-room is elegantly fitted up, and the side-tables are garnished with luxurious appurtenances. The bill of fare, consisting of turtle-soup, soles, haunches, wild turkey, quails, and a variety of *entrees*, is sufficient to tempt the appetite of an epicure; when, having made a selection, the waiter glances at our person, then at the silver, and concluding "all is right," hurries off. Should malt be scorned, champagne, madeira, sauterne, or muscatel, all of Australian vintage, may be had. For dessert, there are grapes, melons, pines, peaches, strawberries, &c.; and a bottle of native-grown claret, cooled in ice, will be conducive to digestion. Adjourning to the coffee-room, several local papers are spread before us; and, selecting the *Sydney Morning Herald*, we draw near to a sparkling coal fire, and read the last legislative debates. The editorial remarks are temperate; some leaders display considerable erudition. Should there be a dearth of colonial news, English intelligence is copiously inserted. Articles from the *Times* occupy whole columns, and facetious extracts from friend *Punch* have a niche allotted them.

Pass we now to the third rising city of the rising empire of the Southern Ocean:

ADELAIDE.

The city of Adelaide affords a striking proof of the notable saying "that the Anglo-Saxon reproduces his country wherever he plants his country's flag;" for, though South Australia has been colonised scarcely twenty years, the traveller who visits its capital might imagine himself in a thriving English county town. Adelaide presents many features worthy of particular notice. It is divided into two distinct portions, north and south; the former comprises an area of 300 acres, the latter 700. The streets, 22 in number, are systematically apportioned; they intersect each other at right angles, and are from 60 to 130 feet wide; space for squares has been provided, and an extensive belt of park-land which environs the city has been reserved as a boulevard for the recreation of the inhabitants. The present population of Adelaide is estimated to be 30,000. In 1852 there were about 6000 houses of brick and stone, 4000 of wood, and 3000 of other materials. A late assessment of one shilling per pound on the rental of Adelaide amounted to 5500*l.*, which will afford some idea of the value of house property. South Adelaide, which is the commercial quarter, has a thriving aspect; business is chiefly concentrated about Hindley, Rundle, and King William streets. Many others are deserving of notice; and, when the outlines of the city become more fully developed, the more central thoroughfares will probably divert business, and rise into importance. The main streets resemble those of an English county town; the shops have an attractive outward appearance, and some display as choice an assortment of goods as London establishments; members of the Jewish persuasion have erected cheap clothing depots on a very extensive scale; drapers, grocers, and others have likewise very spacious well-stocked premises. The stores especially attract attention—some are very imposing stone edifices; they belong to merchants and are used for the reception of English goods, which are thence sold wholesale to retail dealers, squatters, and country residents. Most shopkeepers deal in the general way, supplying that multifarious description of articles which, under the comprehensive term of "notions," are to be had at Yankee stores. Adelaide tradesmen fully appreciate the advantages of puffing; for pretended failures and "sellings off" are common ruses to draw attraction; whilst tempting announcements, through the medium of tickets, inform the public of the sacrifices they are prepared to make!

What a wonderful fact is this of the

VALUE OF LAND.

The price of town land is almost beyond credit. There is no limit to the extravagant opinion that buyers and sellers entertain of its value. Innumerable instances might be quoted: in one case a house purchased for 250*l.* lately fetched 12,000*l.*; another, offered to Government for the use of the military officers for 3000*l.*, a month afterwards was valued at 5000*l.*; they still hesitated, and the price gradually rose to 6600*l.*, which sum Government declined giving, having about that period received iron barracks. As another instance—the Government have long desired DeGraves' fine blue-stone stone, and have made many liberal overtures, but without tempting the proprietor to sell. They at last asked him to name a price—a final figure—in order that they might settle the affair one way or another. He meditated awhile, and then, as his *ultimatum*, named 85,000*l.* At a sale of townland, a corner allotment, with a frontage of about thirty feet to Swanston-street, and a depth of about sixty feet to Great Bourke-street (a tolerably central situation, but by no means one of the best in the city), was sold at the rate of 210*l.* per foot frontage,

and the purchaser was offered 800*l.* for his bargain the following day. In another and more central spot, a leading auctioneer contracted to pay 2000*l.* per annum for an auction-mart to be built for him, with a frontage of 53 feet.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR BOOKS.

The Cross and the Crescent as Standards in War. By JAMES MACINTYRE, Author of "The Influence of Aristocracies in Revolutions." London: Scott.

Points of War. By FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. London: George Bell.

A Hero of our own Times. From the Russian of LERMONTOV. London: Bogue.

Pictures from the East. By JOHN CAPPER, Author of the "Three Presidencies of India," "Our Gold Colonies," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

Russia and England; their Strength and Weakness. By JOHN REYNOLDS MORELL. London: Trübner and Co.

Constantinople of To-day. By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Translated from the French by ROBERT HOWE GOULD, Esq., M.A. Illustrated with Engravings from Photographic Pictures. London: Bogue.

(Continued from p. 325.)

The Cross and Crescent embraces a wide range of subjects connected with the origin, history, and progress of those symbols, and the people who assumed them, their theological meaning, and frequently uncertain or improper application—for we are reminded that in this country the cross, reared as a war standard, is typical of the Norman Conquest sanctioned by the Bishop of Rome. The volume contains considerable amount of interesting matter; but as space, like time, is precious, we must be contented to condense the author's statements upon the chief point.

The use of the cross as an instrument of punishment or torture, almost universally prevailed long previous to the Christian era; but also as the symbolic representation of an idea distinct from the cruel purpose to which the cross was applied, we find the sign and figure existing amongst the most ancient records of remotest antiquity. It has been discovered on the sculptures of Egypt, in the caves of Hindostan, in the cities of Assyria, and in the great temple of the ruined city of Palenque in Central America. The Egyptian symbol, the Tau, or *sign of life*, is the plain Crux-ansata, or small cross surmounted by a round or oval-shaped handle, and held invariably in the hand of the deities depicted on Egyptian hieroglyphics. This figure, the Crux-ansata, was actually adopted by the early Christians in Egypt, till at a later period the cross was substituted. The author proceeds to enumerate four celebrated military standards, which at various epochs carried terror and devastation throughout the world—the Eagle, first raised by Cyrus, the Labarum, the Crescent, and the Cross; and the most curious part of his work consists in the arguments and facts adduced to prove the mysterious union and common origin of the latter three. The Roman Eagle, the powerful bird of prey, fit emblem to precede a conquering army, was simply elevated upon a plain staff. The Roman ensign, the Labarum, formed a more complicated symbol, whose meaning the learned have yet failed to unravel. It consisted of a long spear, on which a transversal piece of wood designed the figure of the cross. Above this was placed a lunette or crescent of metal, and a laurel or an olive chaplet crowned the spear. Vainly have antiquarians searched in almost all the languages of the world the derivation of the word Labarum, the origin and signification of the famous standard which combines in one the Crescent and the Cross.

According to the hypothesis of Bryant, the Labarum was in the first instance borrowed by the Romans from some conquered tribe: the figure resembling the crescent, although amongst the people of antiquity it would have been doubly honoured as typical of the Queen of Heaven, was probably not intended to represent the moon, but the sacred vessel carried in religious processions by the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and all other people who received the knowledge and traditions of Egypt. This sacred vessel, the ship of Ias and Osiris, is represented with an elevated stem and stern, sharply pointed, precisely in the crescent shape. Bryant traces here the type of

the ark, and imagines the eight Ogdons, or first gods of the ancient Egyptians, signify the eight persons who were borne in safety over the waters of the Deluge. As widely spread as the tribes of man throughout the earth linger traces of a tradition ascribing to the outburst of a great flood the destruction of its primitive inhabitants. Besides the sacred vessel displayed in solemn processions, sacred cups in the form of boats were employed in ancient mysteries; and we retain, adds Bryant, in our domestic utensils for the table, certain dishes called "sauce-boats," the earthenware descendants of the ancient vessels used in Egypt and Greece. The mountain on which the ark rested, "Ararat," had different names amongst the nations of antiquity. It was called also *Laban*, or *Labar*, or *Boris*; and hence the word *Labarum*, distinguishing the ensign of the Roman armies, and typifying the event of the material salvation of mankind.

"3248 or 2376 years after the ark stranded on Ararat," Mr. Macintyre remarks, "the Cross was erected on Calvary." Constantine substituted for the Labarum of the Roman armies the symbol of the Christian faith and future conquests, placed from that day forward in mystical antagonism with the supplanted Crescent. The Crescent was not adopted by Mahomet; it is not mentioned in the Koran. It was a religious symbol of the Arabians, who adored the moon and the planet Venus; and to the present time the day of Venus, Friday, although not specially appointed by Mahomet, is celebrated as the Mahometan sabbath. The precise time when the Crescent became the national ensign of the Turks is equally uncertain: the question leads back to the history of the Horse-tail standard, the fearful emblem of desolation that swept before the irresistible course of the Asiatic equestrian tribes and nations.

The Turks were among the most energetic of all the equestrian tribes. They were originally employed as smiths and armourers to one of the great khans of Tartary, and they learned to use for themselves the arms that they forged for their masters. They saluted from the territory where they had been kept in bondage; and the annual ceremony of heating in the fire a piece of iron, and a smith's hammer handled by the chief, recorded for ages the humble profession and national pride of the Turkish nation. In the tenth century a branch, under the leadership of an elected chief named Seljuk, issued from the country beyond the Caspian Sea, proceeded to the westward, invaded the Roman Empire, conquered Asia Minor, and by the end of the eleventh century had made themselves masters of Palestine, with the holy city of Jerusalem. Jacob Bryant says that the Turks and other Tartar tribes adopted the crescent from the lunettes which were painted on the shields of the Colchians on the shores of the Black Sea. This connects the modern Mahometan crescent with the ancient Egyptian sacred boat of Osiris represented as the hieroglyphical new moon, for Colchis was peopled by a colony of Egyptians; and Herodotus, in his book "Enterpe," points out several coincidences of customs between the Egyptians and the Colchians. Colchis was the country to which the famous expedition of the Argonauts was sent, and was celebrated for its civilisation and wealth, and the warlike qualities of its inhabitants. Mr. Layard says of the arms of the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the slabs of the ruined cities of Nineveh,—"The shields are frequently seen in the shape of a crescent, narrow and curved outwards at the extremities." From what has been said, it appears that the crescent has been grafted on the "Horse-tail standard," as the cross was added to the Roman Labarum, and those great hostile standards respectively represent Europe and Asia. The horse-tail is at present the chief sign of honour and command among the Turks and other Asiatic people.

It is to be regretted the author did not pursue his inquiry in a more extended sense, instead of consuming so much space in attacking the fallen pretensions of the Church of Rome, which, after all, was but a vast storehouse that garnered up and reproduced the thoughts and sentiments, the passions and errors, of humanity. What, indeed, would be left still if we expunged from our creeds and practices all Rome preserved and handed to us whilst ages rolled into the past, as a stone rolls to the bottom of an abyss, and stirs no more? Admitting the Crescent or the Ark to have been the type of material rescue, and the Cross of spiritual regeneration, why have they been separated? The Ark restored the earth to man; Christianity restored man to himself. How has the connecting link been broken? and how have oppressed masses and oppressed nations been subdued, by the hope of brighter worlds in the future, to brutal submission to the robbery of their right in this? We will not continue the subject, but conclude with an appropriate quotation—an episode

ON MODERN EAGLES.

Eagles have been tortured into extraordinary attitudes, and the most extravagant looking monsters have been made out of that bird. But there appears to be in those animals, as represented on the standards of great nations, something significant, and may be prophetic. The North American eagle is a strong, healthy-like bird, flying at full stretch of wing, with the branch of a tree in his right talon, and a bundle of arrows tied up in its left. The European Eagles are unnatural monsters, generally with two heads, or placed in strained attitudes, with outstretched wings. The bayonet-wearing nations—the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian—have the black eagle holding the cross-crowned globe, the sceptre, and the sword. Russia and Austria have double-headed black eagles on a yellow field. The standards are so much alike as at first glance not to be distinguished from each other; but there is, however, a marked difference between them. The Russian eagle holds the sceptre in its right talon, and the globe in its left. The Austrian eagle is reversed—namely, the globe in its right talon, and a sceptre and a sword in its left. The Austrian bird is in a perilous position; the sword and the sceptre in the left talon are held out at an elevation of about forty-five degrees, and are manifestly too heavy for the strength of the animal, and those emblems of imperial and military power are pictorially falling from its grasp! We are describing accurately a heraldic representation of the Austrian power, and it would be consolatory to suffering humanity were the hieroglyphical expression to be realised by the fact! Eagles with swords, and sceptres, and globes, are the favourite emblems of the northern potentates. The Russian standard of the double-headed eagle is a banner of Pretence, and this fact is very important to be remembered in the present war between Russia and Turkey. It is a dynastic and hereditary policy of Russia to get possession of Constantinople, and establish in that great city the seat of imperial power. The Russian double-headed eagle was the armorial bearing of the Greek Emperors, and was assumed by John Vasilovich in 1467, fourteen years after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, on his marriage with Sophia, the heiress of the Greek Emperors. This remarkable circumstance we learn from a treatise on the Eastern or Greek Church, published by the Religious Tract Society. Besides the double-headed eagle, the Russian banners are also inscribed with the figure of the Cross Saltier, so that in the present conflict between the Russians and Turks, the Cross and the Crescent are in terrible collision.

The author of the *Four Points of War* appears to belong to the school of Martin Tupper—orthodox believers in the efficiency of rhyme as an exponent of reason, for which purpose it is religiously stripped of any profane admixture of poetry. The following verses furnish a favourable specimen of the writer's style.

THE FLEET UNDER SAIL.
ANDANTE.

They are gone from their own green shore!
Our arms sally forth to the East and to the North!
By the Lion of Gibraltar and the steep of Elsinore;
And the long line of sail on the verge is low and pale,
And the dun smoke-track fades amid the cloudy wrack;
And we fade, as they look toward the shore.

Many will come back no more.
Whether they shall sleep twenty fathom deep
'Neath the Black Sea's surge or the Baltic's icy floor,
Or whether they shall lie with their faces to the sky.
Till the mound upon the plain is heaped above the slain;
Many shall come back no more.

Did you see those steady faces o'er?
Which of all the troop, that cheer'd from prow and poop,
As the signal to weigh anchor flew aloft at the fore—
When the sudden trumpet blares through the squadrons and
the squares,
Shall be stricken by the breath of the messenger of death?
Which are they that shall come home no more?

(To be continued.)

THE SEAT OF WAR.

The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1829 and 1829; with a View of the Present State of Affairs in the East. By Colonel CHESNEY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South. By DAVID URQUHART. London: Trübner and Co.

The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

La Russie en 1839. Par le MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. 4 tomes. Paris.

Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c.; and of a Cruise in the Black Sea with the Capitan Pacha. By Captain ADOLPHUS SLADE, R.N. New Edition. London: Saunders and Otley.

The Ottoman Empire and its Resources. By EDWARD H. MICHELSSEN. London: Spooner. *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities in the Autumn and Winter of 1853.* By PATRICK O'BRIEN. London: Bentley.

The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1829

and 1829, during the Campaigns of the Danube, the Sieges of Brailow, Varna, Silistria, Shumla, and the Passage of the Balkan, by Marshal Diebitsch. From the German of Baron Von MOLTKE. London: Murray.

(Continued from p. 327.)

THE three great military defences of Turkey against an army advancing from the north towards Constantinople, are Silistria, Shumla, and Varna; the first occupying, as we have seen, a commanding position on the Danube; the second being in a mountain basin in the interior of Bulgaria; and the third on the sea-coast. So long as these three defences remain in the hands of the Turks, and a communication is kept up between them, it is almost impossible for an army to cross the Balkan in the direction of Constantinople.

Shumla is situated sixty-three miles south-east of Rustchuk, and 290 miles N.N.W. of Constantinople. "The town," says Colonel Chesney, "occupies a deep mountain basin, formed by two abutments of the Balkan, which project north-eastward from that chain nearly in the form of a horse-shoe, the heel or extremities of which are towards the exterior; where, however, they are connected by a low range of hills running across the space. The road from Varna by Pravadi, and those from Silistria, Widdin, and other passages of the Danube, converge upon the side of the town; on which the best efforts of Turkish art and science have been expended. The rest of the contour of this position is well protected by the rocky sides of an almost inaccessible chain of hills, covered with brushwood, and rising in places to 600 feet or more." The population of Shumla, exclusive of the military, may be reckoned at about 30,000, among whom are a great many Christians and some Jews. Through the town flows a rivulet, which separates it into two divisions, called the upper town and the lower. The lower is inhabited by the Christians and Jews, and is said to be very unhealthy, in consequence, it is supposed, of the filth of all sorts thrown into the intersecting stream. The inhabitants are famous as timbermen and braziers: they also manufacture silk and leather, and supply large quantities of ready-made articles of clothing to the merchants of Constantinople. Shumla has also an importance as being the residence of a Turkish Pasha, and a Greek Archbishop. It has a great many mosques and baths, together with some pleasant walks and gardens in the environs. The most conspicuous object in the town is the celebrated mausoleum of Djezair-il-Hassan Pasha, which has been extolled by travellers. Shumla came into the possession of the Turks in 1442, under Amurath II., when it was occupied by Ali Pasha, son of the Grand Vizier.

In a military point of view Shumla enjoys a high reputation. It has been often attacked, and has always opposed a successful resistance to the enemy. Like Widdin, therefore, it is called a virgin fortress, and the Turks are justly proud of having held it with great boldness against their mortal enemy; first under Marshal Romanoff, in 1774; next under Marshal Kaminski, in 1810; and last under Marshal Diebitsch, in 1829. Shumla is strongly fortified, both naturally and artificially, and has been regarded by some military authorities as impregnable. It has, however, this drawback, that it requires a great many troops to man its works, which are very extensive. In 1828 a new line of intrenchments was formed, a little in advance of the old ones, "so as to secure additional space, and at the same time, by means of a better trace, an improved line of defence. With these objects in view, 4000 Turks, and as many Christians, were employed without intermission for forty days constructing fresh intrenchments." Since the last campaign its defences have been considerably strengthened, and it is known to all our readers that up to this time it has formed the head-quarters of Omar Pasha's army. During the present war no demonstrations of importance have been made against it. It would require a vast number of troops to invest it completely, more than the Russians could well spare. Besides which they might have thought of turning Shumla, as Marshal Diebitsch did in 1829, had they been successful before Silistria; that is, of leaving a body of troops to watch it, and of advancing with their main army across the Balkan. Repulsed, however, from before Silistria, as they have been since we last wrote, and now in full retreat towards their own territory, it is useless to speculate what may have been the further intentions of the

Russians during the present campaign, and so we proceed to give a slight description of Varna.

Varna is a fortified town and sea-port on the Black Sea, at the mouth of the Devna, forty-seven miles east of Shumla. It is situated in a plain of a gently-undulating character, and covered with orchards and vineyards. The port is an open roadstead, which, however, is partly sheltered from the north-west winds, and has a good holding-ground, so that vessels may ride there in comparative security. The town lies along the sea-shore and the valley of the Devna. "Varna," says the *Times* correspondent, "is built on a slightly-elevated bank of sand, on the verge of the sea, of such varying height that in some places the base of the hills around it is on the level of the water, and at others stands twenty or thirty feet above it. Below this bank are a series of plains inland, which spread all round the town, till they are lost in the hills, which, dipping into the sea in an abrupt promontory on the north-east side, rise in terraces to the height of 700 or 800 feet, at the distance of three miles from the town, and trend away to the westward to meet the corresponding chain of hills on the southern extremity of the bay, thus inclosing the lake (of the Devna) and plains between in a sort of natural wall, which is, like all the rest of the country, covered with brushwood and small trees." Varna is but a poor town, composed of long narrow lanes of wooden houses, painted with various colours, above which rise here and there the minarets of the mosques. It is nevertheless a place of some commercial importance, as being the port from which the produce of Bulgaria is shipped to Constantinople. It has a population of from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, and is the residence of a Turkish pasha. The fortifications of Varna are not as strong as science might make them. "Towards the sea, as well as towards the river Devna, are high loopholed walls, imperfectly flanked; ten flat bastions, connected by long curtains, and surrounded by a ditch with a cunette, form the rest of the *enceinte*. The scarp and counterscarp are revetted; and the former has a parapet faced with wicker-work hurdles, to retain the earth. In the interior, a Byzantine castle, with high square turrets at the angles, serves at once as a citadel and magazine. Since the siege of 1828 a hornwork and some lines have been erected by the Turks, to occupy the commanding ground on the western side of the fortifications; but it is doubtful whether the means of defence have been much strengthened in consequence." (Chesney.)

Under the walls of Varna, on the 20th of Nov. 1444, was fought a famous battle between the Turks and the Christians, in consequence of the latter having broken a truce, which they had sworn faithfully to observe. The Turks were commanded by Amurath II. in person, and the Christians by John Hunnades, King of Hungary, and Ladislaus IV., King of Poland. The Christians in this engagement were defeated with tremendous slaughter. Hunnades was taken prisoner, and the young King of Poland, scarcely twenty years of age, was killed. His head was cut off and carried in triumph through the Turkish ranks. A nuncio of the Pope, who was also present, lost his life in the battle, and Christendom was alarmed, from Constantinople to its utmost limits, by this signal triumph of the votaries of Islamism. In 1610 Varna was taken by the Cossacks of the Dnieper, who liberated 3000 Christians from slavery. In 1783 it resisted a fierce attack of the Russians, although it was then but very imperfectly defended; and in 1828 it resisted the Russians for eighty-nine days, although closely invested by sea and land. The Emperor showed himself to be deeply interested in the operations, and encouraged the officers and soldiers more than once by his presence among them. The Turks, however, fought with all the fury of madmen; and the fortress at length fell more through the treachery of Yussuf Pasha, its commander, than by the skill of the Russian generals. "During the siege," says Baron Moltke, "the Russians expended above 2500 cwt. of gunpowder, of which a large portion had been used for the enormous mines, without reckoning the somewhat short allowance of ammunition for the numerous field-pieces; 37,000 cannon-balls, 2500 ball-cartridges, and 8600 hollow shot; altogether about 50,000 shots had been fired against the fortress. There was not a house in Varna that had not received some injury, and the Christian quarter, which was nearest to the front, was a heap of ruins. The loss of the Russians is not given, but cannot

be reckoned at less than 5000 or 6000 men." The same authority adds: "The defence of Varna deserves mention among the most glorious on record, and has a remarkable character, from the manner in which the besieged disputed the debatable ground outside the walls against their assailants." Varna is now occupied by a portion of the Anglo-French expeditionary army, whose engineers, it is said, have already commenced the task of improving its fortifications.

The chief passes across the Balkan from the north into Roumelia are: 1. That farthest towards the west, by the road from the Danube at Rachova to Sophia, and thence to Philippopolis. 2. By Ternova from Nicopoli and Rustchuk, passing by the castle of Ternova, along the Jantra, towards Tuncha, and reaching Shipka after about a mile of steep ascent." The mountains here resemble those of the Hartz, and the country is rich in fruit trees, corn, pasture, and wood, with luxuriant fields of roses, from which the attar is made." 3. From Ternova, to Demir Kapu, and from thence to Selimno; "passing the range at a great elevation, and by a track scarcely known." 4. From Ternova to Stareka, and from that to the summit of Binaz-Dagh, where there is a road between the rocks to Kasan and Demir-Kapu. "South of the pass of the Iron Gates, which could scarcely be forced, and could only be turned by a narrow footway to the right, the road separates; one branch going to the left, by Karnabat and Dobrol, while the other goes from thence to the right, towards Selimno, over a succession of wooded and difficult ascents and descents. The latter part of this road, which is steep and winding, brings the traveller to the fresh climate of Selimno, with its cotton, vines, olives, and rich vegetation, interspersed with meadow land." 5. From Shumla to Czalikavak, and thence through deep ravines and precipitous rocky passes as far as the river Kamtschik. Crossing this, the road ascends over precipitous and wooded mountains, until it eventually descends through an open country to Dobrol; after which a route may be found towards Karnabat. 6. From Kosludscha to Paravadi or Barawadi; from which there are two roads—one leading through a critical defile fifteen miles long, and beset with difficulties; the other less difficult, but still not at all tempting. 7. "Passing through the marshy country south of Varna, this route crosses the Kamtschik by a bridge of boats at Podbaschi; where the banks are precipitous, and from six to twelve feet high. But, in order to obstruct the passage of the marsh (which is about 5000 paces in extent) before reaching this point, intrenchments have been thrown up on some rising ground beyond it, at a spot from whence two narrow but passable roads lead westward. Encountering moderate ascents through beautiful but almost impenetrable woods, these routes lead to Dervish, Jowan, and Misiori, passing through the deep valleys of the Kip-Dereh. The latter consist of an almost continuous succession of defiles; nor are there here, or elsewhere, any means of cross-communications between the various roads of the Balkan; excepting those at the southern declivity of the chain, where one such intercommunication leads from Misiori to Aidos, and another from Bourgas to the same place, from whence a single line is continued to Karnabat and Selimno." We are indebted to the valuable work of Colonel Chesney for this account of the passes of the Balkan.

After the fall of Silistria, and the defeat of the Turks at Kulewtscha in 1829, General Diebitsch resolved, at whatever hazard, to cross the Balkan. Accordingly, leaving behind him 10,000 men to watch Shumla, he advanced with the remainder of his disposable force, about 30,000, into Roumelia. The orders issued were as follows:—"General Roth, with the sixth corps, was to proceed along the road from Varna to Bourgas; while General Rüdiger, with the seventh corps, was to cross the mountains by the road from Pravadi to Aidos. General Pahlen, with the second corps, was to act as a reserve to these two columns. The head quarters followed with this corps. The troops marched in caps, in uniform, and in linen trowsers. Their great coats were rolled and strapped over the left, the knapsack over the right shoulder. In the latter the soldiers carried only one shirt and one pair of trowsers; but then each man took ten days' provision. Their chacos and all their baggage remained." (Moltke.) For further particulars of the march of the Russians we must refer the reader to the authority just mentioned. Suffice it here to say that the Russians were completely successful in this daring

undertaking, and that, after taking Aidos and other towns in Roumelia, they at length appeared before Adrianople, the second city in the Turkish Empire, and the capital of the Ottoman Sultans, prior to their occupation of Constantinople.

We must spare a few lines for a description of this important city.

Adrianople, called by the Turks Edren, is situated on the Madritza, the ancient Hebrus (celebrated in classic story as the scene of the tragical death of Orpheus), where it is joined by the Tundsch and Arta, 134 miles N.W. of Constantinople. It occupies a rich and fertile plain, and is built partly upon the sides and base of a low hill. Seen from a distance it has a beautiful and almost splendid appearance. But the streets are narrow and crooked, and, as is the case in most Turkish towns, generally filthy in the extreme. Some of the houses are three stories high, with projecting roofs which nearly reach across to their opposite neighbours. It has, however, numerous baths and fountains; a famous bazaar, appropriated to the warehousing and sale of various commodities; described by Lady Mary Montague as half a mile in length, although this is of course an exaggeration; together with booths and retail shops, stored with all kinds of merchandise. It has also about forty mosques, conspicuous among which is that of Selim II., one of the finest Mahometan temples to be found anywhere. The population has been variously reckoned at from 80,000 to 140,000 Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. The manufactures consist principally of silk, woollen and cotton stuffs. It has also establishments for dyeing, and for distilling rose-water and other perfumes, as well as for tanning leather.

Adrianople, as its name indicates, was one of those cities enlarged and improved by the Emperor Adrian. It was subject to the Byzantine Emperors until the year 1360, when it was taken by the Turks, and made their seat of government. "The first view of Adrianople," says Baron Moltke, "is wonderfully beautiful: the white minarets and the lead-roofed cupolas of the mosques, baths, and caravanserais rise in countless numbers above the endless mass of flat roofs and the broad tops of the plane-trees. Magnificent stone bridges stretch across the rapid rivers; the dazzlingly white cotton sails of the vessels contrast with the broad green meadows; and gilded crescents glitter on every turret against the dark blue sky. On the right, beyond the Tundsch, over a grove of dark cypresses, rise the towers of the old seraglio, in which dwelt the Ottoman rulers while they threatened the Byzantine empire 400 years ago, just as the Ottoman empire is now in its turn menaced by the Russians. As far as the eye can reach over the boundless landscape it sees nothing but fertile fields, groves of fruit-trees, and flourishing villages. Such a sight was indeed enough to make the Russian soldier forget the toils, sufferings, and dangers he had undergone, and dream only of comfortable quarters and well-supplied markets."

The army which appeared before Adrianople amounted only to 21,000; but a report had gone before them that they were as numerous as the leaves in the forest; and the city, which, although unfortified, might still have opposed a successful resistance to the enemy, capitulated on the following day. Twenty thousand Turkish soldiers, from Adrianople and the adjacent places, retired upon Constantinople, and the Russians, when they entered the city, were themselves surprised at their easy conquest. But now it was that the most serious difficulties of the Russians commenced. With an army of only 21,000 men, of whom about one-third were infected by disease, what was General Diebitsch to do? In the centre of an enemy's country, with such a feeble force, there was every likelihood that, if the Turks could gain time enough to recover from their panic, not a man of the Russian army would return to his own country. Peace, therefore, was now uppermost in the mind of the Russian general; but to obtain this he knew that he must still keep up hostile operations. Baron Müffling was at Constantinople, endeavouring to bring it about by diplomacy. There was a Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and another blockading the Dardanelles. Still his situation was exceedingly critical, and "caused such anxiety at St. Petersburg, that the Emperor Nicholas not only ordered a fresh levy of 90,000 men, but also made arrangements to obtain a loan of forty-two millions of florins in Holland to pro-

secute the war, in case the mission of Baron Müffling to Constantinople should fail to bring about peace." Under these circumstances, Diebitsch, with a boldness sometimes paralleled by other commanders in a similar situation, resolved upon making a demonstration upon the capital. This he did with the aid of the fleet upon three several points. It was only a demonstration, however, after all, which, if persevered in, could not possibly have been successful, since his troops were not numerous enough to attack any formidable position. What chiefly saved him either from a disastrous retreat or capitulation was the fear that existed at Constantinople of an outbreak of the old Turkish party that was in favour of a restoration of the Janissaries, and the anxiety of the foreign envoys for peace under any conditions. "If the 20,000 Turks," says Colonel Chesney, "who reached the capital between the 26th and 28th of August had simply shown a bold front at Adrianople and elsewhere as they retired, the march of the Russian army would have been delayed sufficiently long, not only for their reduced numbers to have been ascertained, but also to have enabled the Grand Vizier and Hussein Pasha to act in rear of the invaders; and thus might have been prevented a humiliating treaty, which was entered into by the Divan, under the firm belief that hosts which had been compared to the leaves of a forest numbered at least 60,000 men." Diplomacy and boldness, however, carried the day; and the treaty of Adrianople was signed on the 28th of August 1829. The terms of this disgraceful treaty were mentioned by us, we believe, in a former article. At all events they are sufficiently well known, and will, we trust, serve as a warning to the Western Powers not to allow themselves to be overreached by Russian diplomats at the end of the present war.

Believing, as we do, that the scene of hostilities will be transferred from Turkish ground before the appearance of our next number, we here take our leave of the western side of the Black Sea, promising when we next meet our readers to give them some account of the Crimea.

FICTION.

THE "Parlour Library" appears to have changed hands, and we are glad to see that the new proprietor is about to introduce into it some translations of foreign works of fiction. The new volumes contain Michael Lermontoff's *Hero of our Days*, a clever Russian romance, and Dumas's ingenious tale of *Rosa, or the Black Tulip*.—Messrs. Chapman and Hall have added to their excellent "Select Library of Fiction" *The Bachelor of the Albany*, a popular novel, by the humorous author of "The Falcon Family," &c.—*The Old Minor Canon* is a tale (we presume) by the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. It is written with considerable ability; but we cannot commend its spirit. Doctrines can neither be fairly combated nor successfully asserted by fictions.—Catherine Sinclair's novel of *Sir Edward Graham* (the name in which it was originally published) has been reprinted in the "Run and Read Library," under the changed title of *The Mysterious Marriage*.—Mr. Bohn is about to add to his beautiful edition of the "British Classics" the works of one of the most famous of them—Daniel Defoe. The first volume, just issued, contains the *Life and Adventures of Captain Singleton*, and the *Life of Colonel Jack*, with prefaces and notes, including those attributed to Sir Walter Scott.—A rambling story, called *The Australian Emigrant*, is a mixture of fact and fiction—a class of composition to which we feel the utmost aversion, as spoiling both, perplexing the reader what to believe and what to reject, and tempting the author to depart from truth whenever it suits the purpose of his story. As we cannot sever the one from the other, we cannot properly class it under either department of literature, and therefore are we unable to review it in either capacity.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Edenor: a Dramatic Poem; and Miscellaneous Lyrics. By S. H. BRADBURY. ("Qualion.") London: Simpkin and Marshall.

Mr. BRADBURY, better known by his *nom de plume* "Qualion," is one of that host of fine enthusiastic youths who abound in our day, and who are fast brightening and dilating into Poets. He is an intimate friend and admirer of "Festus," and his genius and verse have been materially influenced by the contact of that master-spirit. This, however, has been in part an injury to his native vein. There is too much "Festusism" in "Qualion"—more than there need have been; for he has much that is fine, and true, and genial, and beautiful in his own mind. His spirit is as yet turbid

in its effervescence—like a stormy sea, or a red fierce windy morn. The calm must yet come; and the "white transparent Day" arise, out of this early turbulence. An angry critic might waste much wind and many words in abusing the extravagances of "Quallon"; we prefer to praise his evident sincerity, his passionate aspiration, and his profusion of imagery and language.

We shall give—instead of any more dry criticism—two or three extracts, which will show both his defects and his beauties, and, on the whole, justify an emphatic *Purge*!

In page 37 is a picture—of "Festus" evidently.

There is a bard whom I love best on earth;
His genius has won honour for his name.
He stands before the world and talks with Fame:
His soul is like a planet's ribs with fire—
His words like swift coruscations blaze
Round great men's hearts: he grasps the high and grand,
As God grasps the mad lightning's golden reins!
He wrote a mighty book when young in years,
Full of bright images and bardic wealth,
As is an abbey full of sculptured saints.
He made the great world pause to hear him speak
The verdict of the future, and she stared
Upon him with her many million eyes.
As stars stare on a cloudless summer night.
His soul like a full moon threw light on Time;
Men read his book. "Tis full of noblest thoughts,
That strike men's hearts as thunders strike our ears.
He rests on Fame as eagles rest sun-bathed
On sea-bound rocks, and makes the vast world talk,
And fills her myriad-gifted sons with wonder.
His language sweep like a volcano's gust,
Thick strung with burning thoughts: he's high 'bove men
As are the sunset's plumes above the earth.
His book is ripe with beauty: wonders gleam
In every line, each payable to the heart:
Born from his wealthy brain, which, like a mine
Fertile with gems, holds everlasting treasures.
Pride has not built his throne in his large heart.
He looks on all mankind with equal love:
His wrestling soul is sown as thick with hopes
As is the lap of May with radiant flowers.
Fame's flinty portal with his name he struck,
Then entered with defiance in his glance;
And lives there, like a diamond in a crown.
With rapid strides and burning mien he rote
Over the golden world of song, as the moon
Tops with her royal crest the reeling clouds.

At page 41 occur the following lines.

My brain is like a night
With moonbeams ring'd; the beating blaze of stars
That stave in myriad groups down on the earth,
And print with golden lorn its mighty face,
Bring me kind thoughts. "Then my soul swells out
With song, and shakes with its bold melody,
Like a nightingale's full thrill with lyrics loud.
Thou of my soul art empress, and thy look,
Rich as morn's splendour in the eastern skies,
Streams through my veins, making the warm blood dash
Through my heart, as leaping catacarts dash
Through fissured rocks. Love's sun-fed glance of beauty,
Like a rainbow's ring wedging the earth with light,
Burns through the eager soul. Above, the moon
Lies stately, breathing pure light from its proud sphere,
As thou dost ever soundly, sweetly breathe
Of love. Thine eyes are like two violet-link'd
To sister lilles. Beauty's most hallow'd sphere
Is on thy warm and coral lips, where words
Off play as sweet as April's mellow showers.

At page 66 we find these glowing lines.

Lady, I am for ever thine, I vow,
My silver-worded beauty, thou shalt learn
How dear thou art to me. The lonely hours
That pass'd when I was canopied with vines,
Were richly loaded with sweet thoughts of thee.
Not all the gems that eastern monarchs wear,
Nor all the stars that Indian summers crown,
Nor all the fruits that bless the lustrous South,
Could purchase my deep love from thee: it gleams
Like the round precious jewel of the night—
The fair-brow'd moon. How transient moments seem
When I am near to thee:—when in thine eyes
Thy soul beams large and liquid on mine own.
My senses have been drown'd in the warm streams
And golden showers of promise from thy lips,
Like roses in the sunet dropping dew.
Oft thou hast pierc'd me with thy look superb—
A polish'd majesty of regal pride;
And I have trembled like the first pale star
That calmly twinkles in the west's cold blue,
When chestnut blossoms their warm odour shook
To the enamour'd zephyr; I have watch'd
Thy ringlets rain and beat about thy cheeks
In brilliant floods, and seen thy proud, sweet lips
Hued with a fine and royal tide of blood,
Parting like rose-leaves in a warm sun-shower.
Deep-thoughted eyes and mellow cheeks win love;
And all calm, splendid souls akin to thine,
That are to earth what jewels are to crowns.

"Quallon" closes with some smaller pieces of various merit. That to "Little Mary" strikes us as fine simple poetry.

APOLLODORUS.

Poems. By PHILIP CHALONER. London: Saunders and Otley.

Nugae. By the REV. JAMES BANKS, M.A. London: Hardwicke.

Poems. By EDWARD HIND. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Spare Moments. By W. F. SAYER. Hackney: E. Pope.

Poems. By DAVID BATES. London: Trübner and Co.

Some time last year Mr. Chaloner left England

for Australia, leaving certain poems to the care of a friend. Those poems are now before us in a printed form; and, although the greater part of them may be considered good musical talk, they have no positive individuality. We heartily wish the author success in the acquisition of that precious metal which Timon of Athens unpolite terms

The yellow slave which knits and breaks religions. At the same time we are sensibly certain that Mr. Chaloner has left behind but few, if any, nuggets of thought, imagination, or invention. His poems have hardly the ring of the golden coin—hardly the genuine tone which passes through the circuit of intellectual life, as easily as a sovereign from the mint circulates through commercial markets. Mr. Chaloner admits that the charge of plagiarism is so common that he can scarcely hope to escape it. Neither can he, since by his own confession he has studied Byron so long and earnestly that occasionally Byron's "current of thought" mingles with his verse. We are not among those most anxious to ferret out and fix on an author a charge of wilful imitation, knowing, as we do, that the sympathies of poetic minds may lead to certain coincidences of expression. We have often thought, and still think, that the elder D'Israeli's chapter on "Poetical Imitations and Similarities" is drawn less from fact than from the ingenuity of the writer. If, however, Mr. Chaloner escapes the charge which he so justly fears, it is no less unfortunate that he should have fallen into the current of Byron's thought—a current so rapid, and withal so grand in its impetuous rush, that it is sure to absorb the fame of any youthful minstrel. The small rivulet tracking its silver way down the hill-side and over the fertile meadows is an object pleasing to the eye or melodious to the ear; but the moment it flows into the bosom of some broad torrent it loses itself for ever. The poem of "Alice" presents an instance, and indeed many instances, of the absence of self-reliance in Mr. Chaloner. Stanza, tone, and manner are dilutions of "Don Juan." Even the patrician poet's haughty and almost savage contempt of woman's virtue has here a faint reflex:

No, when we moderns undertake to marry,
We stay at home to guard our household gods:
E'en the discreetest lady may miscarry.
Twice ten years' absence might prove losing odds
On female constancy, and we must tarry
At home to mind our wives.

This is pitiable enough—the stale dregs of an argument which even Byron's genius failed to dignify.

The Rev. J. Banks's book, *Nugae*, calls for no special criticism. It contains a pleasing and unobtrusive store of home subjects—of themes which appeal to the heart of the reader. The author has revealed his thoughts through a variety of stanzas; has shown how a cultivated intellect has looked on the mild and generous side of nature, and how it has drawn solace from companionship with the muses. The poems on the whole have order, harmony, and purpose.

Poems by Edward Hind are more varied than "Nugae," but they have many more inequalities and angularities. Although the light of a poetic spirit is observed plainly enough shining out of the heart of these poems, yet the author is undoubtedly deficient of constructiveness. The volume is an unweeded garden, having variety of colour, and a certain exuberance which is not wealth. The strict methodical hand of the artist is needed to pluck out and arrange. The ability and the inclination to do all this may exist in Mr. Hind, for aught we know. A reviewer is but seldom in possession of the obstacles, the almost inaccessible mountains, which often lie between the poet's first rude sketch and his hope of perfection. Where we see the poetic faculty dominant, as in Mr. Hind, we often ask ourselves why the harmony of verse is spoiled by crude lines and unmelodious words. If we could answer the query we should probably know the history of many struggles, of many throes, of many hopes deferred. Perhaps not unfrequently, when the critic is harshest and hardest, poverty, or sickness, or lengthy labour, cracking the very sinews with its excess, have been the ghastly enemy which prevented the poet from perfecting his labours. We wish these remarks to be general, for, knowing nothing of Mr. Hind, we do not seek any grounds of defence for his many inartistic lines. All we know is that common care and average attention would have materially improved poems which even in their present irregular forms possess much merit.

Spare Moments are poems of more than ordinary

quality. Inasmuch as Mr. Sayer has not attempted to climb the highest Alp of invention, he cannot be said to have failed from over presumption. He has rather chosen a lowlier path, but yet a lovely one,—a path wrung from the iron realities of life, and which he has adorned with poetic fancies. The man who makes a spare hour sparkle but with one poetic thought passes that hour not unworthily. The composition of poetry is a refining process; and in a social sense a man may daily do worse things than write bad verses. It is our duty to encourage the growth of poetic thought in the spare moments which the working man possesses; for by familiarising the beautiful to his mental gaze we preoccupy the time which otherwise might have been given to the study of deformities. The ideas which Mr. Sayer's *Spare Moments* have disclosed are at once creditable, manly, and progressive.

Mr. David Bates is an American poet, with few of the poetic hyperbolisms of his countrymen, and with few of those grand thoughts of theirs which are broadly paving the way for a national literature. He possesses a sort of untamed freedom, a kind of reckless poetic liberty that may be natural to the American character, but which detracts from the dignity of the poet. We cannot say that any single poem in this volume is really fine or grand; and yet there is a sort of rapid harmony in the words—broken, it is too true, with gaps and jerks—which serve to sustain the character of the Muse. No one, speaking fairly, can term these poems mean or paltry; and yet they want breadth, substance, and force. They are evidently not the fruit of a bold intellect, but the product of an intense and vivid nature, acutely sensible of pictorial situations. Mr. Bates's manner of writing would imply that he is yet young; the poet, in fact, exhibits the unfashioned material which severe study and a firm but plastic hand may yet fashion into a rich, if not a splendid fabric.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Church of England and Erastianism since the Reformation. By G. R. PRETYMAN, M.A., late Vicar of Aylebury. (London: Hope and Co.)—The writer of this work defines what he means by Erastianism as follows: "That system of opinions and course of action which deprives the Church of Christ of independent existence, and resolves it into a function of the civil government." Such a system, he contends, has prevailed in this country ever since the Reformation. When Henry VIII. declared the supremacy of the Pope at an end, it was only to assume to himself the prerogative of dictating to his subjects in things spiritual as well as temporal. He ruled the Church with a rod of iron, as did also his imperious daughter, Elizabeth. Ever since the Church has been in subjection to the State, modern prime ministers assuming as much command over it as the haughty sovereigns just mentioned. Mr. Pretyman is indignant at such a condition of things. A few years ago, if we remember rightly, he gave expression to his feelings on the subject in a brief pamphlet. In the present work he states the case at great length, and contends very forcibly against the anomalous position of the Anglican Church, which alone, of all the religious denominations in the country, has no power of self-government. This is more especially the case since the year 1717, when Convocation was virtually suppressed. The Church, he argues, is now powerless for good. The civil supremacy cramps all her energies, and leaves her at the mercy of those two powerful enemies, Popery and Dissent. And while the Church suffers, so likewise does the State. Our history, he says, tells us of many untoward events that have taken place, chiefly in consequence of this unnatural union between Church and State. "Born of the imperious temper of a tyrant, nurtured by blood and confiscation, and maintained by policy, self-interest, and sophistry, this great anomaly is a bane not only to the Church which is subject to it, but also to the State which upholds it." In conclusion, he calls upon us to look the evil steadily in the face, and find out for it a remedy. We have thus stated briefly the nature of Mr. Pretyman's work. We by no means coincide with him in all his conclusions; but we admire the ability with which he has stated his case, and the occasional force of his arguments.

A Treatise on Relics. By JOHN CALVIN. Newly translated from the French Original; with an introductory Dissertation on the Miraculous Images, as well as other Superstitions, of the Roman Catholic and Russo-Greek Churches. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.)—The treatise by Calvin, which occupies but a small portion of this volume, enjoyed an extensive popularity for a long time after it was published. As early as the year 1561 it was translated into English, under the following quaint title: "A very profitable

Treatise, declarynge what great Profit might come to all Christendom yf there were a register made of all the Saints' Bodies and other Reliques which are as well in Italy as in France, Dutchland, Spaine, and other Kingdoms and Countreys. Translated out of the French into English by J. Wythers." The present is, of course, a new translation. Though nearly three hundred years have elapsed since its publication, the work of the great Genevan Reformer may still be read with interest. The introductory dissertation by the translator and editor is an able performance, treating of the superstitions of the Russo-Greek Church, as well as of the Romish. The condition and practices of the former Church have not hitherto received such attention from Protestant writers as the importance of the subject demands. A great deal of information with respect to it will be found in the volume before us, which we cordially recommend to the notice of our readers.

By an easy transition we pass from the consideration of relics to their chief upholders—namely, the monks; in connection with which we have to mention a work entitled *Monks and Monasteries; being the substance of Twelve Lectures on Monachism, delivered in Greenhead Chapel and Calton Church*. By the Rev. ALLEN MACLEAN. (Glasgow: Murray and Son.)—Mr. Maclean has here given a succinct but highly intelligible and instructive account of the origin and progress of monachism, and of the several orders of them that from time to time sprang up in the Church of Rome. He has, in fact, done well what it was possible for him to do within his prescribed limits; and so satisfied are we with his performance, that we trust he will receive every encouragement to undertake the arduous task of writing a systematic history of monachy—a work very much needed, as we can ourselves testify, and which the author hints that he would not shrink from undertaking should his present publication meet with a favourable reception.

St. Patrick and the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland. By the Rev. W. P. WALSH, A.M. (Dublin: M'Glashan),—presents a brief account of the life and labours of the Patron Saint of Ireland, vindicating him from the charge of having taught any of the erroneous doctrines upheld by the modern Church of Rome. At the same time the writer shows that St. Patrick was not the first who introduced Christianity into Ireland. Previously to his visit in A.D. 432, the Gospel had been preached there for ages, having been carried thither certainly within a hundred years of the Saviour's death, "if not by some of the Apostles, at least by some of their immediate disciples." Mr. Walsh distinguishes three remarkable periods in Irish Church history: "the first extending from the time of the Apostles to the twelfth century, during which time she maintained her liberty, and in a great measure her purity; the second, reaching from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, during which time she was in bondage and darkness; and the third, commencing with the recovery of her liberty in the sixteenth century, and extending to the present time, during which she has maintained her liberty and purity, notwithstanding many trials, difficulties, and discouragements." The writer, in conclusion, makes a forcible appeal to his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, not to be influenced by the supposed antiquity of the Papal supremacy in their island, but to shake it off, and stand forth as independent of Romish error and superstition as their great teacher, St. Patrick himself, showed himself to be.

From Dublin we have also received the following:—*The Pope the Antichrist, and the Church of Rome the great foretold Apostasy, with a view of the Scriptures referring to the career of Russia and the doom of Turkey, France, and Rome; being Strictures on the Rev. C. M. Fleury's Lecture on Prophecy, relating to the Russian Empire.* By the Author of "Coming Events." (Dublin: Carson.)—These strictures originally appeared in a paper called the *Sentinel*, from which they have been republished. Mr. Fleury, it seems, belongs to the Futurist school of Apocalyptic interpreters, and in the lecture which he delivered on Prophecy, maintained that the Czar is the Antichrist of the New Testament, in opposition to the generally received view of Protestant writers, that it is the Church of Rome. The writer before us maintains the latter opinion with much vehemence. He has not, however, so far as we can perceive, brought forward any new arguments on the subject; and, as it is one that we are rather tired of, we are glad to get rid of it with as brief mention as possible.

The merest mention will also suffice for the following:—*London the subject of fearful Predictions, contained in the Revelation of St. John* (London: Houlston and Stoneman)—a most ridiculous publication; and Part I. of *The New Existence of Man upon Earth; to which are added an Outline of Mr. Owen's Early Life, and an Appendix containing his Addresses, &c., published in 1815 and 1817.* By ROBERT OWEN. (London: Epsingham Wilson.)—Poor Mr. Owen perceives, at this late period of his life, that in his efforts to regenerate the human race, while he provided for the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man, he neglected altogether his higher or spiritual nature. He has now, however, formed an intimate acquaintance with the world of spirits, and these have revealed to him the conditions under which mankind are to attain to a pitch of perfection, even in this world, hitherto deemed quite impossible. For the

rest, we have only to say that the present publication is quite as egotistical as all the others that have issued from Mr. Owen's pen.

Of sermons on the war we have received the following:—*Be not High-minded. The Lawfulness of War. Humble Yourselves. Three Sermons preached in the parish church of St. James's, Westminster.* By JOHN EDWARD KEMPE, M.A. (London: Skeffington.)—The first two of these were preached previously to the day of humiliation; the third on the day itself. The preacher calls upon us to consider all the mercies hitherto enjoyed by us in comparison with other nations, and the manifold ways in which we have provoked Almighty God to withdraw from us His protecting hand. We are now engaged in a righteous war; but not all our fleets and armies will be of any avail to give us the victory over our enemies without the Divine assistance. Hence he reminds us "that simultaneously with our material preparations, and far more diligently and earnestly, we should set our hearts and hands to our spiritual improvement; for that in proportion as we remove the causes which God may have for being displeased with us, in the same proportion do we remove the greatest of all possible hindrances to the success of our arms." Mr. Kempe's are very excellent sermons; and an additional interest may perhaps be considered by some as attaching to them from the fact, as we have been informed, that they were preached before Lord Aberdeen himself.—*The War and its Issues.* Two Sermons. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—Dr. Cumming's two sermons are, like everything that he writes, eloquent and attractive. We need scarcely inform the reader that he scans the present aspect of affairs and their future issues by the aid of prophecy. The text of his first sermon prepared us sufficiently for what he had to say. It was from Rev. xvi. 16, "And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." We need only further add that the congregation in Crown-court signified their approval of Dr. Cumming's sermons by a collection, after the first, of 832 for the wives of the expeditionary army; and, after the second, of 298, "for the children of Scottish soldiers and sailors wounded or killed in her Majesty's service, and now kept and educated in the Caledonian asylum."—*The Sins of the Times; or, Divine Judgments considered in their character, causes, and remedies: a Discourse preached on Wednesday, the 26th April.* By W. M. HETHERINGTON, LL.D., Minister of Free St. Paul's, Edinburgh. (Edinburgh: Johnston and Hunter.)—Dr. Hetherington looks upon the present war as the natural consequence of our sins, of which he mentions three principal, namely: first, our neglect of the agricultural community, both as regards their material and spiritual interests; next, our greediness for wealth, which urges the capitalist to task to the utmost the thaws and sinews of those employed in the production of our chief manufactures, sparing not even women and children, "paying them with as little as may be possible for the bare support of life, and that too a teeming life, wrestling itself out in competition for subsistence, while they (the capitalists) seem to care no more for the immortal soul within those wasted specimens of humanity than they do for the steam that impels their machinery, or the worn-out fragments of that machinery itself. Hence, a yawning chasm between those classes of society—nay, utter alienation—nay, it may be, deadly hatred, instead of the kindly interchange of benevolence and gratitude." Our third great sin, according to Dr. Hetherington, is the encouragement which, as a nation, we have given to Popery. "It well becomes a nation," he says, "guilty of such sins, to bumble itself before God, and to repent of, and turn from, its sinful conduct."—*A Voice from the Pulpit on the coming War: being a Lecture delivered in Tonbridge Chapel, New-road, London.* By the Rev. T. G. HORTON (London: Judd.)—contains a vivid picture of the horrors of war in general, while the writer expresses himself satisfied that we have justice on our side in the present contest; he extols our ministers for their Christian forbearance in declining to plunge us into it until all negotiations for peace had been exhausted, and calls upon us now to support our Queen and Government in their energetic attempts to bring it to a speedy conclusion.

Food for my Flock. Sermons by the Rev. T. G. HATCHARD, M.A. London: T. Hatchard. WHENEVER we open a volume elaborately "got up," and especially if the subject be religious, we entertain an instinctive presentiment that its value will be found to consist chiefly in the handsome exterior. A well-written book in an elegant binding is, in our judgment, the *mens sana in corpore sano* of literature. But how often has it been our fate to lay aside some gorgeous specimen of the bookbinder's art with the exclamation of the fox in the fable:

O quanta species cerebrum non habet.

In proportion, then, to the slowness of heart with which (taught by experience) we are wont to approach such a volume, is our pleasure enhanced at finding that it is worth reading as well as looking at. Mr. Hatchard's sermons have afforded us this gratification. Their outer garb, though very pleasing to the eye, is not commensurate with their intrinsic value, and we can conscientiously recommend them as suitable for family reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miscellanies, chiefly Narrative. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. London: Groombridge. Edinburgh: Hogg.

THIS is the third volume in the fine series of De Quincey's collected works; and if not so magnificent in style as the first, or so autobiographical as the second, it is more varied, lively, and entertaining than either of its predecessors. If there be less in it about De Quincey himself (and we can hardly have too much about a being so unique), there is more about topics of a general kind; and if there be no self-anatomy, there is a vast deal more of historical interest. We feel, indeed, in approaching the volume, as if we were about to criticise one of those histories which border on romance, and are full of that truth which is stranger far than fiction.

The contents consist of six different papers, contributed at various times to the periodical press: "The Spanish Military Nun," "The Last Days of Immanuel Kant," "System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescopes," "Joan of Arc," "The Casuistry of Roman Meals and Modern Superstition." We read all these when they first appeared in *Blackwood* and *Tait*, but are truly glad to meet them again, and to find that, instead of losing they have gained new zest, as well as been very considerably altered and improved by their author.

The first contains an account of the life and surprising adventures of Catalina de Erauso, an escaped nun, who went to South America in men's clothes; became an officer in the Spanish army; did a great many bold, and some rather equivocal actions; had many hairbreadth escapes; and at last disappeared in a very mysterious manner. She is quite a pet of De Quincey's, who tells her story with great liveliness, although here and there with an affectation of wit, and a sort of hop-step-and-jump of style which is not very pleasant. Nothing can be finer, however, than his picture of her adventures in the Andes: a picture distinguished for thrilling interest, *vraisemblance*, rapid transitions of incident, and occasional touches of grandeur, borrowed from, and corresponding with, the character of those dreadful solitudes where Snow and Silence have lain down in each other's arms, like two chilled and cowering babes, to contemplate the deep black sky which stretches cloudless and changeless as marble over the everlasting hills. The picture, too, of Kate, alone in her little boat upon the great silent Pacific, with nothing to support her but a few wetted biscuits, and no means of deliverance but a "white handkerchief," is a striking figure. Still we think that, as a whole, De Quincey vastly overrates the moral worth of his heroine. A Spanish woman, so hot-blooded, so fierce in passion, so sudden and quick in quarrel, so ready to shed blood, must, we suspect, notwithstanding her own disclaimer to the Pope, and the fact that she "fell on her knees on the top of the Andes and prayed," have been no better than she should be—rather a sorry Virgin Mary. Energy, however, courage, and affection, she undoubtedly possessed in large measure, and may be fitly compared to a wild cat—almost reaching the measure of a splendid tigress, full of fiery blood, who fed, like Wordsworth's hero in "Ruth," upon

The tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky—

and who now "burns brightly amid the forests of the night" of history.

It was, we think, in the year 1827 that we first read in *Blackwood* the second paper in the volume, "The Last Days of Kant," with vast eagerness and pleasure, although all unconscious of the name of the writer who had translated, and so skilfully adapted it to British tastes. Wasianski is the German author; but it is quite clear that the translator of "Walhdmor" has followed here his usual practice of improving and beautifying his original. As it is, it is a most delightful bit of Bowellism, and exhibits the great author of the transcendental philosophy in a very light and easy undress. Most people had thought him the driest of all dry old sticks; but De Quincey, aided by Wasianski, has made Aaron's rod to flourish. Millions who never read a line of Kant, and care nothing for his theories, have thanked, or shall yet thank, our author for his picture of the fine old Benedict of transcendentalists, living and dying in his native city—diversifying the quiet, deep dream of his existence, by innocent amusements and little gratifications which only the morose would have denied him; and shall lovingly watch him rising early at the summons of Lampe,

his old scoundrel of a footman, drinking his one cup of tea and taking his one hurried smoke; repairing to his class at seven, and delivering his lecture; returning to his writing-table, dining at one along with a select company, and pouring out, over his liberal and genial provender, his soul in animated conversation on all possible topics; walking out thereafter for exercise; coming back to his study and resting till candles were brought in tranquil meditation, looking out the while at the old tower of Lobenicht, which "rested on his eye as distant music on the ear, obscurely or but half revealed to the consciousness, and giving him immense gratification when seen under these circumstances of twilight and quiet reverie;" retiring to bed at ten, enjoying regular refreshing repose, and rising again early to resume the same course of serene and studious existence;

And following so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave.

We mark in this quiet and blameless curriculum only one important omission—there is not one word said about his devotions. He does not seem, either by any special act of worship or by any silent recognition, to have acknowledged an object of adoration and thanksgiving. His system has often been called a system of Atheism, and this charge has as often been denied. Into that controversy we enter not; but certainly his life was not rounded and crowned with piety.

"Dry" we might well, as above, call him; for, according to De Quincey, he never perspired. He was a regular second-day fleece of Gideon. Climbing Caucasus at full speed would not have started one drop of moisture on his skinny and arid brow. This indisposition to perspire is sometimes connected with madness, as in Cowper's case, whose John Gilpin has made thousands upon thousands sweat with laughter, but who, according to De Quincey, could not perspire himself. It was not so, however, in the case of Kant. His mind, till near the end of his long life, remained perfectly sound. But, although his body and his books were alike "very dry," his heart was a warm and a wide one; and his conversation seems to have been exceedingly rich and suggestive. It was a stream of hints, deep, new, on all subjects; and it was entirely divested of that philosophic nomenclature which characterised and darkened his writings. It was he who, going on *a priori* grounds, predicted that planets would yet be found filling up the *hiatus* in the system of the Sun. Mr. De Quincey says that "any hiatus in the planetary system that Kant suspected did not lie between Mars and Jupiter, but in a higher region (beyond Saturn); neither was it of a nature to be remedied by bodies so small as Ceres and Pallas." We are inclined to think that he is here mistaken. Mr. Wasianski distinctly speaks of "Kant's memorable conjecture in regard to the hiatus in the planetary system between Mars and Jupiter." So far as we remember, Kant's conjecture was that in the gap which he supposed to exist between Jupiter and Mars, fragments of a large body which once swam there, but which was exploded by some skiey catastrophe, would yet be found; and he lived to witness the confirmation of this sublime guess in the discovery of Ceres by Piazzi, and of Pallas by Dr. Olbers. There was something very noble as well as very daring in the confidence with which, looking up to the brow of night, the little lean philosopher of Königsberg ventured to say, "Ha! Old Night, seek not to disguise the fact; I know, though I never saw, that one of the bright gems has fallen from thy imperial forehead, and that others are trembling in unseen splendour on it, which the telescope of man shall yet drag into sight."

These words lead us naturally to the next paper in this remarkable collection, which is the most ambitious and elaborate of the whole. It is on the system of the heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's telescope. It appeared originally as a review of one of Professor Nichol's beautiful books on the stars, and it does ample justice to his unequalled merits as an expounder and populariser of astronomy. We think, however, that eloquent and even sublime as this paper of De Quincey's is, it exaggerates amazingly, not only what we owe to Lord Rosse, but our obligations to the discoveries of astronomy generally. On this subject we have touched repeatedly in our former lucubrations. Examining a furnace of fire through a microscope might perhaps be an interesting amusement—if you could avoid having your fingers or your face burned during the process. Even looking at it with the naked eye at even-tide is captivating to the imagination. "What streets of fire! What spires

towering over these streets! Into what squares do they open up, and into what cathedrals do they swell! What numerous strange shapes are assumed by that Protean flame! Yonder are mountains! yonder are oceans! yonder are savannahs! yonder valleys! yonder mines! and yonder forests of fire! What if these flaming spires and fiery Alps be peopled—for would the God who so loves life allow this splendid spectacle on my heart to remain utterly vacant merely to amuse my reverie, and delight my half-shut eyes. Away with the thought! Doubtless each spark is a world, and has its own invisible tenants." And thus muttering, the man falls asleep and dreams just such an absurd and baseless dream over a hearth, as Sir David Brewster has been lately dreaming under the midnight heavens—which are just a furnace on a larger scale, and concerning which we are never likely to know much more than we do that is really valuable. The discoveries of astronomers hitherto have been and are likely to continue just succession of cries of "Fire, fire, fire! more fires—bigger fires, brighter fires!" But when, in this ocean of fire, shall they find *land*? Never!

Let us hear, however, Mr. De Quincey from his point of view. What follows is not unsurpassed for power in any of his writings.

If, on some moonless night, in some fitting condition of the atmosphere, Lord Rosse would permit the reader and myself to walk into the front drawing-room of his telescope, then I might say to my companion, Come, and I will show you what is sublime. In fact, what I am going to lay before him from Dr. Nichol's work is, or at least would be (when translated into Hebrew grandeur by the mighty telescope) a step even above that object which, some four and thirty years ago, in the British Museum, struck me as simply the sublimest sight which, in this sight-seeing world, I had seen. It was the Memnon's head, then recently brought from Egypt. I looked at it, as the reader might suppose, in order to understand the depth which I have here ascribed to the impression, not as a human, but as a symbolic head; and what it symbolised to me were: 1. The peace which passeth all understanding. 2. The eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation; the eternity which had been—the eternity which was to be. 3. The diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession, an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips; the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh. In that mode of sublimity, perhaps I still adhere to my opinion that nothing so great was ever beheld. The atmosphere for this, for the Memnon, was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy thing seemed to live by silence. But there is a picture, the pendant of the Memnon, there is a dreadful cartoon from the gallery which has begun to open upon Lord Rosse's telescope, where the appropriate atmosphere for investing it must be drawn from another silence, from the frost and from the eternities of death. It is the famous *nebula* in the constellation of Orion; famous for the unexampled defiance with which it resisted all approaches from the most potent of former telescopes; famous for its frightful magnitude, and for the frightful depth to which it is sunk in the abysses of the heavenly wilderness; famous just now for the submission with which it has begun to render up its secrets to the all-conquering telescope; and famous in all time coming for the horror of the regal phantasma which it has perfected to the eyes of flesh. You see a head thrown back and raising its face in the very anguish of hatred to some unknown heaven. What should be its skull wear what might be an Assyrian tiara, only ending behind in a floating train. This head rests upon a beautifully-developed neck and throat, all power being given to the awful enemy to be beautiful where he pleases, in order to point and envenom his ghostly ugliness. The mouth is amply developed. Brutalities unspeakable sit upon the upper lip, which is confluent with a snout; for separate nostrils there are none. The lower lip, which is drawn inwards with the curve of a marine shell—oh! what a convolute of cruelty and revenge is there! Cruelty! To whom? Revenge! For what? Pause not to ask; but look upwards to other mysteries. In the very region of his temples, driving itself downwards into his cruel brain, and breaking the continuity of his diadem, is a horrid chasm—a ravine, a shaft—that many centuries would not traverse; and it is serrated on its posterior wall with a harrow that is partly hidden. From the anterior wall of this chasm rise, in vertical directions, two processes; one perpendicular and rigid as a horn; the other streaming forward before some portentous breath. What these could be seemed doubtful; but Sir John Herschell has filled up the scattered outline with a rich umbrageous growth; one is inclined to regard them as the plumes of a Sultan. Dressed he is therefore, as well as armed. And finally comes Lord Rosse, that glorifies him with the jewellery of stars; he is now a vision

to "dream of, not to tell;" he is ready for the worship of those that are tormented in sleep.

Opposite this highly-wrought and powerful, although hideous description, the publisher has inserted a woodcut of the frightful figure, which looks like what we could conceive the head of the Manichean God. The lower jaw in particular is terrific. It is like the jaw of a tiger in torture—each agonised articulation being a ridge of suns! We understand that later surveys by the telescope of Rosse have entirely changed the aspect of the figure. What it has become we know not; but it has ceased to be a face and head. By the way, De Quincey has always had a peculiar penchant or else terror for beautiful or horrible faces. In his "Confessions" he describes himself haunted in sleep by seas of faces, surging before him like the stormy deep. *This* tremendous countenance of the Nebula has often, we doubt not, visited his dreams with fearful variations and additions, lent by fancy—chariots of fire and horses of fire issuing out of the hollow between his jaws; comets sailing across the cleft in his brain; and new horns of horror springing up from above its anterior wall. And we know that, when he once visited David Scott's studio, and saw his strange picture, the "Resurrection of the Saints after the Death of Christ," there was one face at the bottom of the picture, which, from a unique expression of age and earthiness which it bore—as though it were the face of Adam newly risen from the dead—sent him home with the feelings of one who had seen a ghost, and continued to brood on his mind for months. How he revels, too, among the monstrous faces of the Egyptian statuary; and, were he visiting Egypt, how he would marvel at the countenance of the Sphynx—

Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.
And with what sympathy and power would he describe the faces seen by Ezekiel; or which, to the eye of John, shone like still white marble, amid the leaping lightnings, the tumultuous glories, and the surging smoke which surrounded the throne of the Ancient of Days!

We must quote the fine remarks, a few pages after, on the observatory in Glasgow, where Professor Nichol pursues his stellar studies, and whence he and De Quincey have often looked out together, now upon the haze of suns hanging in the milky way over their heads, and now eastward to the smoke of the city, concealing the far more interesting multitudes of immortal spirits.

What makes the Glasgow observatory so interesting is its position, connected with and overlooking so vast a city, having as many thousands of inhabitants as there are days in a year, and nearly all children of toil; and a city too which, from the necessities of its circumstances, draws so deeply upon that fountain of misery and guilt which some ordinance, as ancient as "our father Jacob" with his patriarchal well for Samaria, has bequeathed preferentially to manufacturing towns—to Nineveh, to Babylon, to Tyre. How tarnished with eternal canopies of smoke and of sorrow, how dark with agitations of many orders, is the mighty town below! How serene, how quiet, how lifted above the confusion and the roar and the strife of earth is the solemn observatory that crowns the heights overhead! And duly, at night, just when the toil of overwrought Glasgow is mercifully relaxing, then comes the summons to the watchful astronomer. Everywhere the astronomer speaks not of the night, but of the day, and the flaunting daylight, as the hours when "no man can work." And the least reflecting of men must be impressed by the idea, that at wide intervals, but intervals scattered over Europe, whilst "all that mighty heart" is, by sleep, resting from its labours, secret eyes are lifted up to Heaven in astronomical watch-towers—eyes that keep watch and ward over spaces that make us dizzy to remember—that register the promises of comets, and disentangle the labyrinths of worlds.

De Quincey closes this brilliant paper (a paper considerably disfigured here and there by a kind of forced *fun*, which hardly attains to genuine wit and humour—qualities which Mr. De Quincey certainly possesses, and has occasionally turned to good account—but which, at their best estate, are inferior to his serious powers, and which he is too often presenting us in their *worst*) by a free translation of a magnificent dream of distance and magnitude, by Jean Paul Richter. It seems, so far as we understand it, to intimate a belief in the eternity of matter—a heresy of some magnitude. If the universe had no beginning, how can it be called God's? The whole fallacy of the "Dream" lies in the notion that there is no end to the stars, because we see none; and that, therefore, matter is infinite. An insect, in like manner, born in the hollow of an oak-tree, might believe it to be absolutely infinite; and that, being infinite, it had no beginning! Mr. De Quincey, we think, is wrong, when he says

that Jean Paul was "elaborate" and "artificial." He had not, indeed, severe simplicity, nor condensation; he had not De Quincey's salutary horror at "too much," and he was often extravagant; but his style to him was as natural as to breathe, and elaborate he seldom had either time or inclination to be. He was a great teeming irregular mind—a very wilderness of thought and imagery; and such minds are rarely elaborate, and the very reverse of artificial in their writings. De Quincey says, he could not "realise the grandeur of the shadowy." We beg his pardon: there is no dream, even in his own chapter on the "Pains of Opium," to be compared to that marvellous one of Richter's in "A Churchyard," with which all readers are familiar. There is this difference between the two describers of dream-scenery—De Quincey is eminently clear; Jean Paul is more obscurely magnificent. The dreams of the one are statues, standing up distinct amid the solemn twilight of sleep, its chiaroscuro scarcely shading their polished whiteness; the dreams of the other are pictures, massive, dark, and seeming at once darker and more magnificent from the haze which rests on their unutterable revelations. Those of the one are simply dreams, without much composition or art, although in style matchless—those of the other are a combination of the dream and the allegory. If the more shadowy that dreams be they exert a deeper power, it follows that Jean Paul's, possessing this quality in greater perfection, are the more sublime. Indeed, we know nothing to equal his dreams in the English language, unless it be the "Hall of Eblis" in Vathek, which is not properly a dream, however; or the dream of Wandering Willie's ancestor in "Redgauntlet," or the "Devil's Dream on Mount Acksbeck," by Thomas Aird. We extract the following sentences from the dream given as Jean Paul's, not as a specimen of his style, but of De Quincey's; for his manifestly are the following words, although the thought is perhaps his master's.

Then came eternities of twilight that revealed, but were not revealed. To the right hand and to the left towered mighty constellations that, by self-repetitions and by answers from afar, that by counterpositions, that by mysterious combinations, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose at altitudes, by spans, that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities above, that descended to the eternities below: above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body: depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly as thus they tilted over abyssal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were dawning, were nearing, were at hand.

The well-managed antithesis, the repetitions, the fine balance between the different members of the sentences, the musical tone of the whole, proclaim that a greater master of style than Richter is here, although one not to be compared with him in genius. Ere leaving this part of De Quincey's book, we would simply recommend his "Postscript," as containing a defence of Christianity, in reference to the geological difficulty, and all other difficulties, past, present, and to come, which assail our religion on a scientific side, as compact, complete, calm, and triumphant. If it has nothing positively new in it, it expresses old ideas on the subject with admirable tact and emphasis. No man sees through the shallowness of modern scepticism more clearly (unless it be that consummate master of logical fence—that

Scourge of impostors and terror of quacks—

—Henry Rogers) than De Quincey; and no one, with the same exception, could, had he the time and the health, more thoroughly and eloquently expose it. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, ceased to believe in ghosts, "he had seen so many." So De Quincey has sounded and outlived too many doubts, and found them too invariably to spring from bile, or sin, or sciolism, or wind, or pride, to put any faith in them when opposed to the monumental history, profound practical influences, and solid evidences of the Christian faith. How would our conceited Newmans, Parkers, Prospective Reviewers, and all the rest of that "small infantry," with their industrious insignificance and infinitesimal blasphemies, tremble if a real scholar and a man of lofty genius were to enter the lists against them,

and show them to be what they are—pygmies, applying their microscopes to a "giant angel!" He would complete, at least, in the most masterly style, the good work the author of the "Eclipse of Faith" has begun.

"Joan of Arc" follows, and is truly a noble prose lyric in praise of that heroic maiden, "who came," says De Quincey, "from the hills and forests of Lorraine like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings." Joanna was borne on the edge of the forest of Domremy—what a sublime and significant birthplace! Born on the edge of a mighty forest or mountain range—what a "coigne of vantage" for an imaginative and daring spirit, and how symbolic of her station and nature! A step forward out of deep primeval darkness into the beginnings of day! Uniting the dim grandeur of the hill-country and of the sweeping forests, with the richness and the exuberant promise of more fertile lands! Partaking in part of the superstitions of the country left behind, and partly of the enlightenment of the lands stretching before! Just as the finest scenery is found on the edge of the forests and highlands, so it is often with the noblest minds. Borderers are sometimes the best specimens of both the nations which they at once conjoin and separate. It is Carlyle, we think, who, after Schiller, speaks enthusiastically of the effect of a lonely smithy-fire seen on the edge of a wood of dark firs, looking so lonely in its splendour, like an earth-star, glimmering amid the midnight. And even thus does a mind, which has come out from the darkness of difficulty, obscurity, and danger, shine—as if on the edge of some unmeasured forest—the brighter for the gloomy wood behind, and none the darker for the wide moorland before. Taking such a high key-note as De Quincey does, at the beginning of his paper, he never for any instant sinks the melody. Joanna is lifted up on his style as on waves of music: and all the common objections made to her conduct seem but jars in the strain—arising only to be lost and sunk in the grand diapason at the close. We are in this case far more confident, than in that of the "Wild Cat of Spain," that he is right as to his woman. It is a real impersonal enthusiast we have to do with here; and to genuine enthusiasm all things are possible. Errors, in its case, may be pardoned; and the wildness of its motion is only that of an impetuous river, of an irrepressible flame of fire, or of a flash of midnight lightning, lighting up life and scorching vegetation at its "own sweet will." In the course of this paper Mr. De Quincey, besides canonising Joanna, takes an opportunity, quietly but effectually, to touch Michelet into an eccentric cinder.

In the two last papers, namely, on the Chemistry of Roman Meals, (originally ycleped in Blackwood "Dinner real and reputed") and on "Modern Superstition," he discourses, in a very lively, learned, discursive, and often singularly felicitous style, upon two subjects which eminently suit him under that title of "Glorious Gossip" we gave him some fifteen years ago. In the first he gives an idea of dinner which brings, in the language of Dr. Caius, "de water in de mouth," and which, in this age, is never likely fully to be realised, the more's the pity! since we cordially agree with our author and with Dr. Johnson, that a good dinner is a great affair, and that none but solemn twaddlers, such as Emerson, who feeds his Pantheism, it is said, on buffalo steaks, and Newman, who washes down his insolent infidelity and abuse of the personal character of Christ with weak tea, dare despise it. We observe, that, in this paper, he quotes some admirable sentences from Dr. Croly, who seems thoroughly up to the subject of Roman entertainments, and whose eloquence, in classic dignity and grace, is not inferior to De Quincey's own.

We could have had much to say on "Modern Superstition," or the "Opium Eater's Night Side of Nature;" but the subject is far too extensive, and too strange, to be taken up in the tail-piece of a short notice. We may perhaps return to it again.

In the mean time, we close this paper by heartily thanking our friends Groombridge and Hogg for pricking our admirable, but worn out and lazy friend, into the production of another of these noble volumes of wit and wisdom, of philosophy, learning, and poetry.

APOLLODORUS.

Webster's Royal Red Book for April, 1854. London: Webster.

Or the many "Guides" and "Directories" which help us to a knowledge of this wonderful metropolis, Webster's *Royal Red Book* is one of the most useful. Not so costly, because not so comprehensive, as the "Post-office Directory," it conveys just the information which private persons most want—the names and addresses of the higher classes, of all, in fact, not in trade, or who live apart from their places of business. First all the streets are given in alphabetical order, with the name and profession of the occupier of each house; and then a general index of names in alphabetical order enables them to be thus found, when the street is not known. A London house is incomplete without Webster in the hall for reference, and few books are more frequently consulted.

We cannot pretend to unravel the mysteries of a book called *The Gauntlet of Freedom*, which has been sent to us. It is a philippic against the Peace party—a demand for general intervention, that England should constitute herself the policeman of Europe and make war on behalf of all that are oppressed. But why not the same duty to make war upon America on behalf of the slaves? Answer us that.—The fifth volume of *Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs* contains her diary between the years 1789 and 1793.—The public ought to feel indebted to the editors of the "Family Economist" for a little book which they have issued in a very cheap form, to instruct the working classes in the *Art of Good and Cheap Cookery*. There is no knowledge so much needed.—*Gatherings from many Authors*, by Mr. Sparling, is a collection of short passages in prose and poetry.—An introductory *Lecture on Geology*, by J. S. Pakington, Esq. delivered at Droitwich, is a capital sketch of "the Ground we tread."—Mr. G. M. Whitty is, it seems, the very clever "Stranger in Parliament" who has contributed so largely under that name to the *Leader*, for he has now republished some of them in a small volume, with the title of *Political Portraits*. They who have not read them already should do so now. We should, however, give notice to our readers that they are very radical in doctrine.—Mr. Percy Cruikshank (a son of the celebrated George?) has just published twelve capital illustrations of *Sunday Scenes in London and the Suburbs*. He has caught the humour of the time, and proved himself worthy of the name he bears. Although roughly sketched, they are full of character; and many a hearty laugh will be enjoyed over them, especially by those to whom they will recall the memories of like scenes.—*The Royal Hotel Guide* is a new enterprise, designed to enable travellers to choose their inns. It gives the names of the hotels in each town, and, wherever they could be procured, their charges. These, however, are as yet very few. Perhaps innkeepers who now refuse the information will be shamed into it by competition, if not by example.—*The British Controversialist* is the name of a new completed volume of a useful magazine, designed to encourage controversy on subjects too much excluded from other periodicals, where one side only of each question is admitted, while this one is open fairly to both sides of questions in religion, philosophy, politics, social economy, and such-like debatable topics. It cannot but promote the cause of truth, and, therefore, deserves encouragement.—Mr. James Buller, late of the Tithe Commission, has thrown out some useful hints on *Civil Service Reform*, in a small pamphlet of nineteen pages.—*Indian Irrigation*, by Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Grant, is a masterly review of a subject of incalculable importance to the prosperity and consequent stability of our Indian Empire.—Born of the war fever is a pamphlet by Molyneux Shieldham, Commander R.N., entitled *Suggestions for Reducing the Manning of the Navy to Half its present Complement*. This also we can merely commend to the notice of professional readers.—Mr. Buckingham's *Coming Era of Practical Reform*, which has been appearing as a serial, is now published in a portly volume. It is mainly levelled against the popular vice of intemperance, and it shows practically how the people tax themselves, in the form of useless, if not noxious liquors, to a larger amount yearly than the whole taxation of the country, local rates included. Mr. Buckingham calculates that eighty millions sterling are thus spent every year. Eighty millions! But who shall measure the vice and misery thus produced?

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.—We recollect walking with Mr. Thomas Carlyle down Regent-street, when he remarked that we poets had all of us mistaken the argument that we should treat. "The past," he said, "is all too old for this age of progress. Look at this throng of carriages, this multitude of men and horses, of women and children. Every one of these has a reason for going this way rather than that. If we could penetrate their minds, and ascertain their motives, an epic poem would present itself, exhibiting the business of life as it actually is, with all its passions and interests, hopes and fears. A poem, whether in verse or prose, conceived in this spirit, and impartially written, would be the epic of the age." And in this spirit it was that he conceived the plan of his own "French Revolution, a History."—*Monthly Magazine*.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

We have travellers of different orders—the bold and the timid traveller—the one who explores new countries and tells his tale agreeably, and the one who goes over beaten ground to regale us when he comes home with common-places. There is the traveller who goes forth to sketch man in his civilised or demi-civilised life, and the one who seeks him in forests and savage wilds—in caverns, huts, tree-tops, and wigwams. There are, further, the traveller who sets out with his staff in his hand, and his kit of barometers, thermometers, chronometers, and other meters on his back, to extend the bounds of science; and the one who stocks his knapsack with maps, books, and foolscap, who takes his departure to rectify history, to seek for lost cities, and the traces of nations once famous, but now lost. K. Graul, Director of the Leipsic Evangelical Lutheran Mission, belongs to an order of conscientious travellers, who started with objects in view both scientific and historical. He has published *Reise nach Ostindien über Palästina, &c.* ("Travels to the East Indies through Palestine and Egypt, from July 1849 to April 1853.") A journey to the East Indies, nowadays, is neither a very expensive nor a very perilous affair. The Holy Land, with its holy places; Egypt, with its Nile, pyramids, and temples; and India, with its pagodas, sacred rivers, tigers, elephants, fakirs, and Brahmins—are almost within compass of a "long vacation" and a moderate letter of credit. But a man may have both time and money, and yet come home to write a dull book, unless he has made good use of his eyes and ears, and been provided, withal, beforehand with an understanding head. The facilities for Eastern travel have inundated the world with books of late years, many of them being of the most tasteless and trashy description. Respecting Palestine, especially, to which country the first portion of the present author's work is devoted, there have very few books been written which a person would care to read twice, far less keep on his bookshelves as books of reference. Of recent writers Robinson, the American, and Tobler, the German, a most minute topographer, are among the very few who can be accepted as scientific guides to the Holy Land. Among the worthy few Herr Graul deserves to be included as a painstaking, enlightened traveller, and a conscientious and unaffected writer. This is the twelfth book on Syria and its neighbour countries which has appeared within the last ten months, in Dutch, German, French, and English. With diligence we might have counted more; but, as it is, books on this part of the world appear at the rate of above one a month.

To the order of bold and scientific travellers belonged the late lamented Xavier Hommaire de Hell, who travelled among Turks, Persians, Russians, Georgians, and Caucasians in his time. He went out in 1825, as we learn from M. de la Roquette, secretary to the French Geographical Society.

To reconnoitre the geognostic constitution of the Crimea, as well as that of the steppes of New Russia, and to arrive, by positive observations, at the solution of the grand question of the rupture of the Bosphorus, and of the communication of the Black with the Caspian Sea. Then, his ideas expanding, he resolved to study under their different aspects the vast countries which lie between the Danube and the Caspian to the foot of the northern band of the Caucasus.

This task he performed with great courage and perseverance for many years, in Bessarabia, in the country of the Cossacks, on the shores of the Black Sea, the sea of Azof, and the Caspian, examining the physical condition of the earth in these regions, and making observations on the manners, customs, language, and history of the various races of men among whom he had to reside. The result of these labours was a work in three volumes—*Voyage dans les Steppes de la Mer Caspienne, &c.* ("Journey into the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus, the Crimea, and Southern Russia.") The descriptive portion of this highly valuable work was written by Madame de Hell, who, to the courage of an Ida Pfeiffer as a traveller, adds the charms of Harriett Martineau as a writer of travels. M. de Hell undertook another journey, at the expense of Government, to visit Turkey and Persia, and to continue

his researches upon the Black and Caspian Seas. He entered Persia, and visited several provinces, accompanied by M. Jules Laurens, an accomplished artist; but his zeal in the pursuit of science appears to have overrun the fair discretion he ought to have had in respect to his health. He was seized with burning fevers, and reached Ispahan in time to die in the arms of Father Giovanni, a Catholic missionary, in the forty-second year of his age. A stone marks his place of sepulture, in the cemetery of Djoulfa, bearing the simple inscription, "Hommaire de Hell, voyageur français, mort à Ispahan le 29 août 1848." The result of this journey has been recently published: *Voyage en Turquie, &c.* ("Journey in Turkey and Persia, during the years 1846, 1847, and 1848. By Xavier Hommaire de Hell. With an atlas of plates, by J. Laurens.") One volume has, as yet, appeared; three others will follow, one of which will be devoted to scientific matters exclusively. There is much said and written at present about Soulima and the mouths of the Danube,—about Galatza, and Varna, and Balchik; about the Dobrudscha, and other places in the East until recently unheard of; but which will all be found fully described in the works recording the labours of M. de Hell.

Caucasus and Black Sea remind us of Russia, and of a work on Russia which we intended to have noticed in our last publication: *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe (M. Ivan Tourghaniot).* Traduits de Russie, par M. Charrière ("Memoirs of a Russian Nobleman.") The real title of the original is "Journal of a Sportsman," who makes hunting a pretext for observing the manners and customs of his neighbours, be they lords or ladies, boors or the wives of boors. There has been no great harm done in the change of title, since the pen has done its work better than the fowling-piece—and the memoir suggests pleasant associations than the game-bag. The book is full of pictures, drawn to the life—pictures that move our compassion, and others that excite our indignation—pictures that present to us the official tyrant and the patient serf, and the various phases of Russian life. The pictures are, in general, too large to transfer to our columns, however; and we should be sorry to reduce them. We light opportunely on a little one which represents a nobleman, an ex-officer, so amiable to his equals and such a brute to his vassals. One of his valets has forgotten to warm his wine—we are glad to cool our wine in this country—and the great man rings his bell. A stout fellow enters, with a brow as broad as that of an urochs. "Give your orders to Feodor." The squat man bows and disappears. Turning to the sportsman, the ex-officer says: "See, my dear Sir, the disagreeables of a country life. . . . But where are you going? Stop, stop; be seated."—"Not at all," says our sportsman; "I must be going; it is time." "To go to the chase? Always the chase! What a passion!" The author adds but one word. "I laid down my serviette and went to the chase; a useful passion, excellent for entering, excellent for going." The casual reader may not see much in this picture; but let him incline his ear, and after the words "Give your orders to Feodor," he will hear the knot as it descends upon the bared back of the offending foot-man. The backgrounds are those which constitute, perhaps, the charms of these paintings. We deduce more from the unseen than from the seen—from the hazy than from the transparent.

Thus, two hours after the foregoing scene he is upon the grounds of the ex-officer, his entertainer. He witnesses the peasants plundered, engorged, and goaded to the utmost limits of human endurance by the bailiff, whom at length they dare to complain of to their master. The master says nothing. He does not wish to behave unseemly before a stranger; but the stranger feels that the complainants will have to pay for their imprudence. "Two hours after this scene, which was truly harrowing, I was at Reabof; and there, taking for companion one named Anpadiste, a peasant I was acquainted with, I promised myself all the pleasures of the chase at last." On the way, in answer to his questions, the peasant tells a moving tale of sorrow and oppression to the author, who finishes his chapter with the words, "We went off to the chase." The sketches are not all of a sombre tint. There are some light

and sunny enough. Of a pleasant cast is the sketch of the "Horse Fair of Lébédian," where our author is as cleverly jockeyed as he would have been by a Yorkshireman in Smithfield. He buys of an old man a beast, of pure Steppian blood, fit to go in any shafts, as fresh as a walnut from the woods, he is told. He pays a deposit, and seisin of the horse is given him "according to ancient custom, under the cafetan." The old rogue said every good word he could for his horse—"he made the sign of the cross, placed on his right forearm the skirt of his mantle, the covered hand holding the bridle, which he placed into my left, hidden under the skirt of my surtou; and the delivery was complete." The horse is led home to the author's inn, and next morning is found fevered and lame. To the house of Anastaci Ivanytch Tchernobai, the seller, the author returns, to demand an explanation.

"Ill, did you say? God forbid! and what is the matter then? "He has fire in his blood: more, he is lame, he has an ulcer in the withers, he is restive, he . . ." "Thy horse lame? Do you mean that? Come, come, thy coachman must have cast spells upon him. . . . As for me I am ready to take God to witness that . . ." "Anastaci Ivanytch, it is but right that you should take back your horse!" "As for that, dear no, my good sir, not at all! Don't trouble yourself; it is the rule here that, after a horse sold and delivered under the cafetan leaves the stable-yard, the business is completed. You should examine well before you decide." I was enlightened by what he told me, and, as by nature I am disposed to be resigned, I blushed and quitted the venerable gray-haired old man. Happily, I had not paid too dear for so good a lesson.

In our last number we introduced our readers to a new Russian poet—Basilus Jacowleff; we have now to introduce them to another—Jegor von Sivers. But, seeing that they write partly in Finnish, or Esthonian rather, and partly in German, we may be guilty of a solecism in calling them Russian poets. They belong to Russia politically; but, like all true poets and great minds, they have the wide world for their nation, and all men of true heart for their countrymen and fellow-citizens. *Pahmen und Birken* ("Palm-trees and Birches") is the title of Jegor von Sivers' volume, which has reached a second edition. The palm-tree carry us to the tropics, where we sit under their shadows to look forth on nature in her all gorgeousness. The birken-tree carries us to the North—to lands where, in winter, the winds drive howling over desolate moors, and snows bury the traveller, and where rivers are frozen over, or run black and sullen to the sea; but to the North also where, in summer, the birch-tree is fragrant, and the trysting-tree of lovers; and where, if the birds are not so gay of plumage as the birds of the tropic, their song is far sweeter. The author's poems breathe the spirit of the North into the beautiful forms of the South; but it is easy to see that his heart is nearer the dark and birch-fringed Emmajögggi than the bright Amazon, bordered with giant trees and flowers of every fantastic shape and brilliant colour. We attempt one specimen of his verses only, in the Esthonian measure—"The Lost Brothers:"

Brothers three had I beloved:
One I sent to gather berries,
One I sent unto the meadow,
And the third to Emmajögggi.
One return'd from gathering berries,
And another from the meadow,—
Not the third from Emmajögggi.
Come, my brothers! let us seek him,
Let us seek him by the waters.
Haste, let no fatiguing delay ye!
Haste and let us seek our brother!
Say, where is the blue wave running?
Say, where is the birch-branch floating?
Lo, the moon, and she may tell us!
Queen of heaven! lo, thou canst tell me
Where and shall I find my brother?
But the moon she thus made answer:
"Vain thy seeking, vain thy searching;
For the wave hath long engulf'd him;
His hat he left within the village,
And his sword within the castle,
And at foot of yonder birches.
Sorrow for his false brot'ho'one!"

Those who may desire to revel in "sterner stuff" will find it in Dr. Kuno Fischer's *Geschichte der Neueren Philosophie* ("History of Modern Philosophy"). The sub-title of this first volume reads "The Classical Period of Dogmatical Philosophy." Here, dear reader, thou hast six hundred pages, within four, of hard

reading set before thee. The author seeks in general to popularise the Hegelian philosophy, and, in the present work, Hegel's views of the history of philosophy. A hundred pages are devoted to the history of philosophy in general, wherein we are told that "philosophy is the self-knowledge of history"—a dogma which provokes from a critic the question, What, then, is history as historiography (*Geschichtsschreibung*)? The classical period of dogmatical philosophy occupies the remainder of the volume, which embraces the English empiricism of Bacon, and the French rationalism (or idealism, as the author calls it) of Des Cartes, with the systems of Leibnitz, Malebranche, and Spinoza. Spinoza's doctrine is the most circumstantially treated, and occupies the entire second section of the volume. It is characterised as the "System of pure causality." So, "in Spinoza's doctrine, every thing is causality; substance is cause; attributes are powers; things are operations." Here we must leave Dr. Fischer.

Another book for hard heads we may just mention—*Der Proces der Weltgeschichte als Grundlage der Metaphysik; oder, Wissen des Wissens ist Wissen der Geschichte*. Von Dr. Hermann Schildener. We have given this formidable title-page in full, for the edification of those versed in the language, and that they may check our rendering of it—"The Proces of World-history, as the foundation of Metaphysics; or, the Knowledge of Knowledge is the Knowledge of History." We confess our inability to give any notion of the drift of this book, beset as it is, especially, with so many thorny Germanisms. We know only that it contains something about the eternal *Ich*, which has a *Sichselbstersfassen*; and about a *Denken*, which gets linked somehow to a *Nur-Objekt*. Help the man who dooms himself to wander through its two hundred and twenty-seven pages!

AMERICA.

FROM OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, June 9, 1854.

"THE American summer has set in with its accustomed severity;" and, as usual, mint juleps have taken the place of poetry, sherry cobblers attract more attention than painting, and statuettes in cream and water ice are more admired than the finest efforts of the chisel in marble. Julian the magnificent, with his patriotic orchestra, has helped music to hold her sway, in spite of a rarefaction of the atmosphere that a novice fancies ought, on scientific principles, to make sound and the trombone strangers to each other. Perhaps he is indebted for his success "in spite of wind and weather," quite as much to the locality of his concert-room as to the excellence of the concert itself. Our island, as you are probably aware, is, like our individual selves, very long and not very broad, and terminates at the foot of Broadway, in a point jutting out into the unrivalled bay of New York. Here in olden times was the battery of the honest Dutch burgomaster whom Irving has immortalised. Here the English also established a fortification, and planted trees in the little patch of open ground in the rear. Here too Uncle Sam, as we delight to call our federal government, maintained a little round fortress, shut off from the shore by the tide, but connected with it by a drawbridge. Sometime, I can't tell when, the speculators conceived the idea of turning this useless shell into a place for public entertainment. The old castle was roofed over, pleasant promenades were made upon the top, the gun-holes were windowed, and New York was supplied with the best summer concert-room I have ever seen. Doors from every part of the gallery open out on broad promenades, commanding New York, the heights of Brooklyn, on the opposite shore of Long Island, the beautiful harbour in front, and the distant bay seen through the Narrows below. In the evening the breeze always blows in from the sea, and an Englishman, whose ideas of summer luxury are gathered from one of your watering-places, can have little idea of the at once soothng and at the same time invigorating influence of a Castle-garden promenade under such circumstances. I attribute no slight measure of Julian's success to this. When I speak of his success, I refer to the numbers who have been drawn together by his concerts, and to his popularity (which is as great here as among his Drury-lane patrons). I have been told that the speculation, as a money matter, has been a failure, or next to one. The liberal pries paid to the artists, and the great expense of moving such a number over our long distances, may account for this.

Our autumn operatic season is to open at the same place. Mr. Hackett, whose contract with Mario and Grisi has been announced in London musical journals, goes to Europe by the *Baltic* to-morrow to

complete his arrangement, and it is understood that he will bring them back with him in August. In September he will open with them at Castle-garden, and give us a little season of two months there before going up town for the winter. The two large operatic theatres of which I spoke in a former letter are "progressing" (as we call it) rapidly. The house of the Academy bids fair to be one of the most beautiful houses in the world. Mr. Lafarge's Hall, on the site of the beautiful room built for Jenny Lind, and burnt down last winter, is to be finished for Mr. Hackett's use in November, and will be inaugurated by Mario and Grisi. It will be made to seat about 3000 or 4000. The lovers of music are disappointed that the directors of the Academy and Mr. Hackett could not come to terms. Rumour says that they wanted about 5000/- rent, and 200 reserved seats for a season, transferable. The latter demand is said to have been the stumbling-block which has driven the Opera, or rather the Mario and Grisi Opera, to the foot of Broadway. The public will be the gainer in size of the room and adaptability to sound, and tenfold gainers in ventilation. Niblo's Opera is also reopened. During the recess the interior has been taken out and entirely reconstructed. It is now one of the most beautiful theatres I know. That also has a feature peculiar to American theatres—an out-of-door promenade from the galleries. The *foyer* also is unusually large and airy, and opens on a garden upon each side. It is now occupied by a ballet corps. Whether we are to have a third opera there in the winter I have not heard. It is said here that Rael is talks of coming. I omitted to say that Marezek is now in Europe, forming an Italian company for the Academy. We look forward to a brilliant season of rivalry—the old story of Covent-garden and Drury-lane. An American manager, however, has this advantage over a London one—every large town fancies itself a capital. With you Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and even stately Edinburgh, comes to London to see and hear. Philadelphia, only ninety miles from New York to the south, and Boston, only eight hours to the eastward, would each cut its right hand off before it would pay us a tribute in that way; and, consequently, as the mothers, daughters, dandies, and music-lovers of each must hear all the stars, managers have a season in each of the large towns in addition to the New York season. This is one secret of the great gains which good performers have made in this country.

There have been few publications of note since my last letter. The most remarkable is, as usual, from the Appletons—*Bartlett's Narrative of his Travels in Texas, Mexico, and California*. This is one of the many good books which have grown out of the Mexican war. The pens and the powder of the country were set free together. The latter always approved itself excellent quality; I doubt whether the same can be said of the former. Mr. Bartlett's book, however, is said, by those who have been through it, to be worth reading. I have but glanced at it, and am therefore qualified to praise only the typography, and excellent taste in which the book is put together. Dr. Kane's work on the Arctic, this work, and Addison's *Spectator*, show a great advance on the former work of the New York press. Mr. Bartlett was sent to Mexico by President Taylor, to aid in running the boundary between the United States and Mexico. This book contains his personal narrative, and, in the parts I have read, is well written and entertaining. The expedition under him consisted of 165 persons, taking with them provisions for six months, and is understood to have contributed to the departments at Washington very valuable information concerning the plants, animals, minerals, agricultural capacities, and general resources of the countries through which it passed. I suppose in due time this will see the light in Congressional publications, and be distributed gratis throughout the country. It would repay curiosity to examine how many similar works have been printed and distributed in a similar way by the United States Government within the last fifteen years. I think the result would astonish the examiner. Greenough's *Oregon*, altogether the most thorough work on the subject, is now lost on the brown paper and spreading ink of an executive document. Fremont's fame was made by Congress, who printed his book (not very handsomely, it must be admitted), and gave it away. Eddy's also. Stanbury's *Utah* was in the market; but it was also printed by thousands in a book form precisely similar to that got up for the trade, and, like Fremont and others, sent through the mail to constituents. Even Owen's *Geological Report*, a bulky quarto, filled with costly engravings, is sent in the same way, through the general post, franked. The organisation of such expeditions is creditable to the Government. The results attained reflect honour on the officers of the army and navy who have charge of them; the printing of them is not only defensible, but sometimes praiseworthy, as the works, or at least the scientific part of them, which is the most valuable, would not meet with sale enough to justify publication otherwise. But I have great doubts whether it is wise to go beyond rendering just the aid necessary to get them in type. You can easily see what opportunities it gives for jobbing and even worse things. Some members (for the honour of the body it should be said they are few) actually

sell the copies coming to them in this way for distribution. By this system, too, the public mails have been burdened to oppression by free matter which few of the receivers read. I remember to have seen a statement some years since in a newspaper that 97-100ths of the matter in the United States mails were free matter. And I can well believe it, as I look on the shelves of a friend's library near me, and see nearly or quite 600 folio, quarto, and octavo volumes received through the post under the franks of members of congress. Speaking of this subject, the publication within the month of a new volume of John Adams's works, reminds me of another objectionable feature of the system, which some of your members of parliament wish to have adopted in England—the "vote-yourself-and-your-friends-a-library" system. These books of old John Adams, not worth much in themselves, to be sure, but of some historical interest to an American, are published by Little and Brown of Boston, under contract with Congress, who take a certain number of copies at a certain price. This price is from 75 to 100 per cent. above what other books of a similar style, and of which the matter is not copyright (for the arrangement is the only expense in these books) would cost, with an insured sale like that to Congress to start with. The result is plain. Congress pay a bonus to keep up the price of a work which students of American history wish on the shelves of their library. The arrangement is an excellent one for those enterprising publishers; and if any body is to be benefited at the public expense, I am sure the public voice would select them as worthy of it. But I doubt the propriety of such an aid to literature. The Appletons have, by the way, just published a facsimile copy at 3s. 6d. a vol. of the Edinburgh edition of 1822 of "Don Quixote," edited by Mr. Lockhart. The multitude of excellent reprints now issuing from our press, of which I have already written to you, will soon render all but "collectors" independent of England.

Among the new books, I have to chronicle two more by ladies—a novel called *Farningdale*, and a second series of alliterative *Fanny Fern's Fern Leaves*. (Why didn't she use a French word for leaves, and complete the alliteration?) The latter book has much merit in its limited way—to wit, the way of babies and conjugal felicity. She seems to be like Marvel in petticoats, with a little more genuine heartiness to the sexual feeling. The sale of her books adds another proof to the position which woman holds in this country. If the same matter had been written by a bearded and unmentionable, it would have lain dusty on the shelves a long while. Written by a woman, and having merit, everybody buys, everybody reads, everybody praises. Witness also Miss Wetherell's, Miss Cumming's, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe's experience. The latter lady has in press another book, *Swamy Memories of Foreign Lands*, which will be published by Phillips and Sampson, of Boston. Among the other new matter announced is a book of travels by Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," entitled *Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad*. Mr. Burritt was a blacksmith in Massachusetts, who, while at the anvil, is said to have acquired by his unaided labour some knowledge of forty odd languages and dialects—a result worthy of the highest praise. He then took to philanthropy, and travelled to Europe. This book is the result, and, good or bad, "will sell." Mr. Pliny Miles, also another American traveller long resident in Europe, promises soon a work on Iceland, which it seems he visited a year or two ago. The book is to be published in July by Norton of this city; and, from my knowledge of the writer, who is an observing Yankee, with a pen used to writing (albeit thoroughly American in its dashing and careless style), I should think the book would be well worth looking at even on your side of the water.

I do not remember whether I noticed in my last letter the excellent work on school architecture by Mr. Barnard, of Connecticut, published by Norton. The morning papers of to-day announce an educational convention in London, under the patronage of Prince Albert. I think that both this work, and Mr. Barnard's late account of the state of education in Europe, may be made of use. In our selection of school-books, if nothing more, we are thoroughly, and wisely, national. We ignore the existence of Europe in many branches of study—an approved plan of making patriots which we learned first of England. I remember dining once at the Lord Mayor's on Easter Monday, beside a fat alderman's wife (or an alderman's fat wife, as you please), who asked me if I had ever been in Paris, and, before I could modestly say yes, informed me that she had never been, and never wanted to go, for the French were barbarous people, and she had heard one could get nothing to eat in all Paris. One would think, from the nature of our school-books, that we had a fancy for the same intelligent style of patriotism. Mr. Tremenheere, in his book upon this country, spoke of an examination in history at Lowell, where all the questions related to the United States. I see by the advertisements that hereafter Young America is to learn French in the same way. A Mr. Somebody—or other has written a history of the United States in that language, which is offered as a reading-book in schools, to take the place, I suppose, of time-honoured *Télémaque* and *Charles XII*.

ITALY.

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.
(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, June 20, 1854.

In the "Nuova Biblioteca Popolare" (the series published at Turin, to which I have before alluded), it is not the project announced to produce other than works which have already filled a place of distinction in native or foreign literature; but one of the volumes of this acceptable publication is before me, possessing so far the claim to be considered original, that a notice of it among recent Italian works may be allowed—"The Illustrious of Italy," as may be translated *L'Illustre Italia*, by the Chevalier Salvatore Betti, a member of the Della Cruscan Academy. This was originally brought out in two volumes so long ago as 1841-3; but the corrections and additions made by the author for Pomba's series have added at least one-fourth to its formerly printed contents. As might be expected, it is a work coloured strongly by that enthusiastic patriotism which scarcely finds expression among Italians, whether through prose or verse, in other than the superlative degree. From beginning to end it is one song of triumph, one blast of the trumpet proclaiming the victories of *la patria* in all things greatest, noblest, best. Ultramontane voices may be raised in dissent; but one can hardly deny sympathy to this enthusiasm of a cultivated and genial mind, when acquaintance is made with its results in the entertaining and instructive volume referred to; and if the author has not raised to his country a "monumentum aere perennius," he has certainly bequeathed in a pleasing form the fruits of persevering studies, extended over all walks of intellectual toil, where the trophies of success have been won by his co-nationals. Happy the bias of the patriotic passion which finds vent in such services to the general interests of mind, instead of rushing to the tenebrous assemblies of conspiracy, or coining sentimental apologies for murder and sedition! The form chosen is the dialogue, the author appearing in the first person, with a few interlocutors, who enter as morning visitors, all bosom friends, addressing each other by the *tu*, but with sufficient shades of distinction in their idiosyncrasy to give animation, and some touches of amicable contest, to their discourse. The very first sentence supplies a key to the spirit of this work. "Not many months have elapsed since one morning, at an early hour, when, according to my wont, I was occupied in my studies, there came to visit me a painter, who is not only one of my dearest friends, but one of the greatest ornaments to the arts of our country at the present day; one who, having ably dedicated himself to following the divine schools of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, glories in this, that he has never bowed the altitude of Italian genius before any base offspring of a foreign soil (*alcuna viltà forestiera*.) Nor can it well be imagined how dear he is to me on this account, when I consider how lukewarm, not to say half-extinct, has become in these times the love of our country, and how many are wandering at random hither and thither, as well in the domain of arts as letters, as though anything were excellent that bears no resemblance to that whose growth has been on this side the Alps!" Our friend the painter, whose curly moustaches and darkly dilating eyes will assuredly rise distinct to the fancy of every reader, presently unfolds a project of the brush and canvas, the explanation of which, and its criticism, when accomplished, the author has ingeniously converted into subject-matter for his seven long dialogues, giving to his work a comprehensiveness fully answering to all that can be expected from its title. Not a celebrity in literature, art, or the various sciences (including military tactics), is omitted on the field of the grand historic picture conceived by the artist, in the imagination of the author, with something of analogy to the "School of Athens" and "Parnassus," represented by Raphael in the Vatican, and here alluded to in justification of the ambitious design. The company introduced to us proceed in their comments on this series of groups, judiciously disregarding the to us impalpable execution in the interest attaching to its individual components; and though the notices are necessarily brief, something apposite, with more or less diffusive eulogy or biographic detail, is said and given regarding each individual in a multitude, the alphabetic index of whose names alone fills ninety-nine pages. Two only classes of distinction are we apprised by *Guglielmo* (the artist) not to look for on his canvas or these pages—the doctors, fathers, and patriarchs of the Church, "whom the venerable *cultus* of our ancestors does not consent to have placed anywhere save in the regions of celestial bliss;" and those whom "a dignity the most august has rendered supremely worthy of veneration to Christian nations—that is, the Roman Pontiffs." But, notwithstanding these exceptions, we here obtain characteristic glimpses of such sainted theologians as Ambrose of Milan and Augustine of Canterbury; of such illustrious ones, among crowned Pontiffs, as Gregory I. and VII., Alexander III., Leo X., and Pius VI. and VII. The celebrities of our own times we may gladly recognise in company with the mighty of past ages; and from Dante turn to Manzoni or Leopardi, from Cimabue and Giotto to Canova and to Tenerani, here placed

in a triumvirate of artistic glory with Finelli and Bartolini (the first and most sublimely-gifted of those three still, happily, living). Amidst a group of classical warriors is admitted Napoleon I., to whom Scipio Africanus addresses an indignantly reproachful question relating to his Italian policy; and Marius rejoices that his own forlorn picture amidst the ruins of Carthage has now its historic parallel in the exile of St. Helena. Each dialogue is dedicated to one or more classes of successful aspirants in homogeneous or relatively similar careers—those of philosophy and moral sciences; those of medicine, mathematics, and the physical sciences; of tactics, engineering, and military architecture, &c., being placed together. The dialogue on poets is about the longest (filling upwards of sixty pages), and sustained with the greatest vivacity. One interlocutor has the good taste to condemn the pallid Italian poetry of the day as the slave of certain arbitrary laws, and unworthy to be compared with "the vigorous and emancipated schools of those vast northern minds which now maintain sway throughout Europe in the realms of imagination." Elsewhere, however, is quoted with complacency the sentence of Scipione Maffei, vindicating the poetic primacy of his country: "Let none presume to enter into dispute concerning poetry with us: this is our own affair!"—a modified acceptance of which is recommended in its general reference, but an unreserved one in regard to France, whose platitudes of criticism on Italian verse are bitterly resented by our friends. Some heterodoxies, if not injustice, may be charged against the party at the Chevalier Betti's, it is true, in their own dealings with foreign, and occasionally with Italian competitors. Lucan is, with the sanction of Tasso, denied a place among truly great poets. Milton is said to have erred in exposing himself to the imputation of scholastic ostentatiousness "among a people to whom nature had not given the understanding of any perfection in the beautiful." The highest throne among dramatic poets of modern Europe is claimed for Althieri, who (as *Guglielmo* declares) "may be opposed with immense glory to all the tragic geniuses of modern times in Europe, whilst we allow due honour to all, and especially to the four great ones of France"—a dictum by no means confirmed in favour of that renowned Italian dramatist, even by the general consent of the more intellectual and well-read among his countrymen. Shakespeare is thus treated by our author, in his own name, arguing against the bias of one of his friends to the romantic rather than classic school. "This, Alberto, is the greatest error of your romantic poets—to believe that tragedy ought to be history, as if to both were proposed one identical end. But this, you will say, was what Shakespeare carried out! and certainly he did so—that boundless genius of Britain, ever as rich, or rather infinite, in fantasy, as he was often poor in judgment; who, knowing little or nothing of the high principles of art, a barbarian himself in the midst of a nation then barbarous, supposed nothing else was requisite, in order to turn a composition at once into a tragedy, than to reduce into action and dialogue, with terrible effect, the annals of his own country." After such a sentence as this we need not be surprised at the same interlocutor's panegyric of Metastasio as absolutely the *beau ideal* of the tragic poet!—"that great Roman, who has presented us with the true example of tragedy as it must be required by the present state of civilisation;" not but that, in the extravagant eulogies that follow, we may agree so far as respects the graces of diction, elevation and purity of sentiment, and faultless morality distinguishing his lyric dramas. "It was he," says our author, not unjustly, "who was principally instrumental in rendering virtue popular in Italy by the sweetness and incomparable facility of his verses, no less than by the fascination of those gentle affections that we find echo in our hearts." Some notices of the mediæval drama, here added, are curious: we are told that the performance in churches, and with the co-operation of the clergy, of those religious mysteries, was first interdicted by Pope Alexander III. Towards the close of this dialogue a separate group is described to us, the Improvisatori, among whom especial honour is given to Sgricci (whose triumphs were realised in France as well as Italy), to the Cardinal Antoniano (perhaps the only ecclesiastical prince ever thus distinguished), and to Gianni, who improvised, "in the intoxication of joy and victory," the praises of Napoleon; whilst another competitor in that walk, Mollo, declared himself sternly averse to Gallican domination in Italy. Also, of the other sex, Teresa Bandettine, whom Althieri deemed it "worthy the dignity even of his verse to salute as an improvisatrice of signal powers," and Isotta da Correggio, near whom are grouped other ladies, who have left more enduring traces of poetic success. In approaching these latter is assumed such a strain of flowery compliment, like a full-dress suit *génant* to every natural movement, that we are often at a loss to understand what particular achievement, what forms of creative talent, are ascribable to the many whose names are, in fact, little known beyond a certain sphere of readers. Standing in relief from a background of myrtle groves and fragrant fields and purling streams, &c., these fair figures are so dimly defined by generalisations of *exalté* eulogium, that they remind us of the favourite *danses* on the benefit night at an Italian theatre, whose form is sometimes

indistinctly visible to the pit through a glittering shower of *tipsel* made to descend as the aureole of her last exit, amid deafening plaudits, from the pediment of the proscenium.

Vittoria Colonna has been already been shown to us in the same chapter with philosophers, legislators, historians, and princesses; and among this last-named group Catherine de Medici is made the subject of a chivalrous defence from all the accusations of history, describing her as having loathed, denounced, and resisted the policy whose highest expedient was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which might be compared in aim, though not in eloquence, to Roscoe's apology for Lucretia Borgia. Nor are ladies renowned for the severest pursuits of letters and science forgotten by this indefatigable chronicler—from the wife and sister of Pythagoras to Laura Bassi, celebrated for her attainments in philosophy—the Genoese Clelia Duazzo Grimaldi, in science—and those celebrated for scholarship in Greek, Cassandra Fidele, Olimpia Morato, and Clotilde Tambroni: of whom the last two held university-professorships, lecturing on Hellenic literature, Olimpia at Heidelberg, Clotilde at Bologna. The secession of Olimpia from the ancient Church is deeply lamented, and bewailed by the first-named of these three *savantes* in language the artist intends her countenance to express on his canvass (or rather his stucco, for we may assume these imaginary paintings to be fresco), while the noble character and sanctified manners of Madame Tambroni, as recorded on her monument at Bologna, are worthily commemorated. It excites some surprise to find no mention, in a work like this, of Rosa Taddei, a lady whose talents as an improvisor have frequently been exercised of late years, and as an author of written verse still more recently—nor of the Countess Orfei, whose poems, published at intervals in Rome during the last twenty years, evince delicacy of feeling and high culture. In the last dialogue we find our artist has filled the walls of the stately saloon in a Roman palace, where the commission of a Meæcenas has employed his pencil; and for the group yet wanting to the "illustrious of Italy," namely, celebrities of the fine arts, a contiguous chamber is bespoke, the designs for whose walls are explained to us. Here the author has assuredly a mine of almost exhaustless wealth; but, not satisfied with indisputable possessions, his patriotism half inclines him to claim for his country masters so foreign, alike in the manner peculiarising their works, and in birth and name, as Poussin, Velasquez, Thorwaldsen, and Overbeck; "By the same reason (he argues) as the Hellenic Greeks desired to number among themselves Zeuxis, who was most certainly one of our Heraclæa; Ephenor and Parrhasius, who were born in Ephesus (where Strabo and Lucian affirm that Apelles also had birth); Protogenes, who came to them from Caria; Antiphilos, from Egypt, &c."

Spite of the faults into which this author is led, either by national vanity or a disposition to exaggerations of indiscriminating panegyric, occasional diffuseness and consequent obscurity of style, it must be owned that he has supplied an *aperçu* of the story of Genius in Italy, a sketch of the *dramatis persone*, if not a finished narrative of literary and scientific vicissitudes, the progress of art and schools of philosophy in this land, not less entertaining than laboriously executed.

CHALMERS.—He was busy, evidently, among the crags and bosky hollows, and would have enjoyed himself more had he been alone. In the middle of one noble precipice, that reared its tall pine-crested brow more than a hundred yards overhead, there was a bush-covered shelf of considerable size, but wholly inaccessible; for the rock dropped sheer into it from above, and then sank perpendicularly from its outer edge to the beach below; and the insulated shelf, in its green unapproachable solitude, had evidently caught his eye. "It was the scene," I said—taking the direction of his eye as the antecedent for the *it*—"it was the scene, says tradition, of a sad tragedy during the times of the persecution of Charles. A renegade chaplain, rather weak than wicked, threw himself, in a state of wild despair, over the precipice above; and his body, intercepted in its fall by that shelf, lay unburied among the bushes for years after, until it had bleached into a dry and whitened skeleton. Even as late as the last age, the shelf continued to retain the name of the 'Chaplain's Lair.'" I found that my communication, chiming in with his train of cogitation, at the time, caught both his ear and mind; and his reply, though brief, was expressive of the gratification which its snatch of incident had conveyed. As our skipper sped on a few oar-lengths more, we disturbed a flock of seagulls, that had been sporting in the sunshine over a shoal of sillocks; and a few of them winged their way to a jutting crag that rose immediately beside the shelf. I saw Chalmers's eye gleam as it followed them. "Would you not like, sir," he said, addressing himself to my minister, who sat beside him—"Would you not like to be a seagull? I think I would. Seagulls are free of the three elements—earth, air, and water. These birds were sailing but half a minute since without boat, at once angling and dining, and now they are already rusticking in the Chaplain's Lair. I think I could enjoy being a seagull."—Hugh Miller's "Schools and Schoolmasters."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

ARCHEOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

THE Architectural Societies of Lincoln and Northampton held a joint meeting at Leicester at the end of May, at which two papers—among others—were read, of which a few notes will be acceptable to our readers. The Rev. G. A. Poole gave the results of a careful archaeological examination of the Leicester churches. The interesting old church of *St. Nicholas* has a large quantity of Roman brick used in its construction; and the flat unmoulded soffits to the arches, and the general rude and archaic style of construction, necessitated by the material, has given rise to a very general idea that the church is of Saxon date. Mr. Poole, however, pronounces that its earliest remaining portions, viz. the tower and the north side of the nave, are clearly of Norman date, the remains of a cross church, with north and south nave-aisles and a central tower. The transepts have since disappeared, and the more recent portions of the church are of date c. 1280. *All Saints* has a Norman west entrance, the rest of the church (except the modern chancel) c. 1280, with a Perpendicular roof.

St. Martin's, originally a Norman cross church, has only the original tower remaining; it has a north porch of wood, originally considerably enriched, now in wretched plight, but interesting as perhaps the only existing wooden porch to a large town church in the kingdom. *St. Mary de Castro* presents one of those puzzles as to its original form and successive alterations that antiquaries delight in, and Mr. Poole went into the subject *con amore*; we have only space to say that Mr. Poole conjectures that it was originally a Norman church, with nave and narrow aisles of six bays, a chancel, transepts, and central tower, of which the chancel, and a western arcade, and portions of north and south nave walls, remain; in 1173 it was partially ruined; c. 1200 it was restored and enlarged, thus:—a new south aisle was built, and at the same time the height of the nave was increased in a very curious way; in place of the old south arcade of six round arches, a new arcade of five pointed arches was substituted, but the old clerestory was left, the pointed arches cut up into it, and a new clerestory built upon the top of the old one; on the north side, the old Norman arcade and clerestory remained, and the new Early English clerestory was added on the top of it. About 1230 the north side was treated in a somewhat similar way, and the chapel of *St. Anne* added on that side. At the close of the thirteenth century the present south aisle was built, preserving only the sedilia of its predecessor, and the present tower was built; Mr. Poole repudiates the general idea that this south aisle was built by John of Gaunt shortly before 1400. Shortly after 1400 the conventional church was turned into a parish church, and a few further works, including the two arches from the chancel into the aisle, and the roofs, were executed.

The earliest portion remaining of *St. Margaret's* is the easternmost bay of the nave, which is Transition-Norman; the rest of the nave and the aisles are in Early Geometrical style; the chancel, the south porch, the tower, and the clerestory of the nave, are of date c. 1444. On a survey of the whole, it appears that there were two great church-building eras at Leicester: all the existing (ancient) churches were built in the Norman period, and great alterations or enlargements were made to them all in the Geometrical period; the works of the other eras are small and partial. It will, we believe, be frequently found that a church-building spirit has pervaded certain localities at certain periods: local antiquaries would do good service if they would carefully examine and classify the church-work of their neighbourhood with an eye to this point; it would probably throw a good deal of light upon local history generally, and often supply the lack of documentary evidence under which church-work, as compared with domestic work, labours.

On the same occasion, Mr. J. F. Hollings read a paper upon Roman Leicester. In the course of some notes upon the obscure Celtic period, Mr. Hollings alluded to the fortified post upon Borough-hill, near Twyford, in Leicestershire,

with its rampart of piled-up stones and single entrance; and mentioned that excavations made on the spot some months ago by the Leicester archaeologists had brought to light undoubted signs of Celtic occupation, in the shape of fragments of pottery of a very rude description, a flint arrow-head, and a human skeleton which had been interred after the most ancient fashion, in a crouching posture, in the north-western corner of the vallum. Leicester was the Roman station *Ratae Coritanorum*, which name the lecturer considered to be a corruption of *Rath Coranied*, or fortified post of the Coranians; arguing that a fortified British settlement probably preceded the Roman *Castrum* on the same site, and that the embankments called the *Rath* or *Raw dykes* were probably part of the fortifications of the Roman Leicester. The famous *Jewry-wall*, of course, demanded a discussion; the lecturer argued against the oldest and most popular idea that it was part of a temple of Janus, and also against the more modern theory that it was part of one of the city gates; and supported the theory of Dr. Priestley, that it formed part of a public bath, or of a basilica, or perhaps the partition wall between a bath and a basilica, since the two were not unfrequently united. Among the pottery and other antiquities discovered at Leicester and preserved in the Museum, particular mention was made of a fragment of a *patera* of Samian ware recently disinterred, perforated as if to be suspended round the neck, and "engraved in a bold masculine hand 'Verecunda Lydia Lucius Gladiator,' presenting the only existing instance of characters traced by one whose stated occupation it was to combat for life and death in the public arena." The thoughts of our readers will recur to the inscription scratched upon the *Colchester vase*, noticed in our last month's summary.

At a meeting of the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, on May 25, the promised paper by Dr. Noble being not forthcoming, the President, Mr. J. F. Hollings, entertained the meeting with an extempore address on sepulchral antiquities, illustrated by the contents of their own museum. We draw the attention of our readers to it, not only as an interesting comprehensive sketch of the subject of sepulchral antiquities, but also as forming a connected view of the relics of this kind in the society's museum, with notices of sepulchral deposits in the neighbourhood, whose relics have not found their way to the museum. Speaking of the tales of ever-burning lamps which the antiquaries of a former age believed to have been deposited in sepulchres, the lecturer observed that "the legends relating to the perpetual lamps of the ancients were not altogether to be considered as pure fabrications, invented with a deliberate intention to deceive. It was probable that in all such instances the lights or torches of workmen, coming into sudden contact with the inflammable gases contained in ancient sepulchres, such as sulphuretted or carburetted hydrogen, had produced a momentary combustion. This was naturally connected with the lamps, often still retaining their asbestos wicks perfect, found in such places of interment; and hence the extraordinary tales in question."

In the mountainous parts of our island Druidical stones are not uncommon; but we so rarely find anything which can fairly be considered to be of this nature in the flatter districts, that it is worth while to give the substance of a communication which we have received from a correspondent in Essex, noticing a supposed Druidical monument recently discovered in that county. It consists of a large irregularly-shaped stone, about seven feet by five feet—a size very unusual in a neighbourhood which produces nothing larger than a flint, and which must have been brought from some considerable distance. In its upper face are two shallow basins, one about three feet by two feet and a half square, and eight inches deep; the other about a foot and a half by fourteen inches, evidently hollowed by a tool: they are just the kind of hollows which we see in rocks in Derbyshire and elsewhere, which tradition and modern science concur in assigning to the religious rites of our Celtic predecessors. The stone was found in a field of the farm called *Parley Beans*, near *Halstead*, in Essex, some two or three feet below the surface, at about the

highest part of a rising ground; another smaller stone was found near it. The larger stone is now placed by the road-side, in front of the farmhouse, and its size is so unusual in that part of the country as to attract a good deal of attention from the passers by.

The characteristics of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham will of course receive full elucidation in the pages of the *Caric*; but there are one or two archaeological points in it, to which we may conveniently refer in this place. Doubtless, the collection of examples of ancient Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman architecture and fine art there accumulated are valuable to the learned, both for the unrivalled extent of the collection, the rarity of some of the examples, and because it enables the untravelled student to form more adequate conceptions of the effect of the works of the various great schools of ancient art than mere drawings can give. They are valuable, too, for the way in which they will impress upon the mind of the unlearned visitor some ideas of the broad general truths of the archaeology of art. But as an archaeological collection, either for the learned or the unlearned, there is a lack of method and arrangement; and the general visitor ought to be warned that while some of the "fine art courts" are reproductions of portions of ancient buildings—the Pompeian House and the Alhambra Court of the Lions for example—others, as the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Mediaeval courts, are mere compositions—mere scraps of different works of different subdivisions of date and style, dovetailed together, and arranged as convenience and prettiness required. And we cannot but think that in these cases the attempt to please the eye in the arrangement will not unfrequently confuse the understanding. Much of this confusion might have been obviated by putting explanatory inscriptions to the various examples; and very much more might have been done in the guide and hand-books than has been done to make this noble collection of examples of ancient art more interesting and more useful to the ordinary visitor. We would seriously suggest to the directors to have two sets of new handbooks prepared—one set to give general explanations to the natural inquiries of an ordinary intelligent visitor; the other set adapted to the wants of more advanced students; and in both to make the references to the examples more clear and easy and correct. We should think, too, that a third set of cheap popular handbooks for the million would make the collection more interesting and more useful to a vast number of those who will be attracted to the Palace. Again, in an Educational Museum for the People we should have expected that not only the fine art, but the civil habits and usages, the domestic appliances, the industrial art of the great civilised nations of antiquity, ought to have received far more attention than seems yet to have been paid to these subjects. True, the collection is in its infancy; and there is plenty of time yet to furnish the Pompeian house, and to fill the Assyrian court with glass cases of antiquities; and probably something of this kind may be in contemplation; we make the remark not so much in a tone of depreciation as of suggestion.

We consider it a duty to assist the English Consul at Jerusalem in pillorying an American of the name of Jones, who has been making a trade of chipping off fragments of some of the most valuable of the monuments of the East, in order to sell them as relics. "On the 5th instant, accompanying some travellers to the 'Tombs of the Kings,' it was with surprise as well as grief that I observed a considerable mutilation of the sculptured entablature along the facade to have been made since a visit of but a few days previous, and within the sepulchral chambers not one of the sharp edges of the receptacles for the dead had escaped the hammer, though spared by the lapse of centuries." It was found on inquiry that Mr. Jones had perpetrated this piece of brutality. On Easter Eve, when a crowd of pilgrims are allowed to pass the night in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, Mr. Jones was there, hammer in pocket, for the purpose of breaking off bits from the Holy Sepulchre. It is believed that he did not find an opportune moment for perpetrating this profanity—fortunately for himself in all pro-

bility; for had he been caught in the act, he would have had a fair chance of being torn limb from limb by the enraged devotees who crowded the church—a fate which may still befall him should he ever be surprised at his work by a party of zealous archaeologists.

The annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute is to be held at Cambridge during the week commencing with July 4th. The University itself, with its collegiate buildings, and its museums and libraries, rich in works of ancient art, supplies an extensive and most interesting field for a week's archaeologising; and the excursions to the museum at Audley-end, and to the cathedral at Ely, and the fine old town of Bury St. Edmunds, will furnish variety enough to suit all tastes, and abundance enough of every kind to satiate the most inappetite antiquarian appetite.

The Conversazione on the 29th at the Architectural Museum, Canon-row, Westminster, will also be an occasion of considerable interest to those who are interested in mediæval architecture. The collection of casts and photographs from ancient works, and other objects of study, is already extensive and valuable, and will amply repay a visit.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

CHEMISTRY.

GLUCINIUM.—Following the method of M. St. Claude Deville for procuring the metal aluminium (see CRITIC of April 1), Mr. H. Debray has succeeded in obtaining the metallic basis of glucina, a rare earth, seldom found but in the emerald and beryl. Glucinium generally resembles in its properties its analogue aluminium, but is of lower specific gravity than that metal, its density being but 2·10; so that it ranks as the lightest of known metals which do not decompose water. It resembles zinc in colour and general appearance, but it is far less fusible; nor does it, even when strongly ignited, take fire like that metal. At common temperature it suffers no change, but gradually oxidizes when ignited; it is acted on by strong nitric acid only by the aid of heat, but is not attacked at all by the diluted acid. Diluted sulphuric and hydrochloric acids dissolve it, liberating hydrogen gas; and it is also soluble in a concentrated solution of potash. It does not seem that glucinium possesses any special property which renders it more fitted for art-purposes than St. Claire's metal; and from the comparative rarity of the minerals containing its oxide, and its consequent costliness, the new form in which this metal has been obtained must rank, with many another, as a mere chemical curiosity.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

SILICA AND ITS APPLICATIONS.—The Rev. J. Barlow has made the application of silica to some purposes of the arts the subject of a lecture at the Royal Institution, dilating especially on the various uses to which a glass-like compound of this substance with an alkali is susceptible, which, on account of its solubility in water, is called *water-glass*.

Silica is met with everywhere, and is the most abundant of all the materials of which the earth, or at any rate its crust, is composed. Whether we denude the surface until we arrive at the nethermost stratum of rock, the granite; walk on the seashore, ploughing our way through shingle, or treading firmly and pleasantly on sand, left bare by the receding tide; bivouac on the trackless desert, or pass our lives in cities—silica is the chief, if not the sole component of rock, shingle, sand, and stone. Again, it is to be met with in every variety of form and colour, from the beautiful six-sided quartz crystals, often so brilliant and pure as to merit the names Bristol diamond, Cornish diamond, according to locality, popularly bestowed upon them—to the strange-looking masses of black flint common in the chalk districts. Under the various names of jasper, agate, onyx, chalcedony, carnelian, and opal, silica furnishes the artist and the jeweller with a rich diversity of gems.

This widely diffused mineral substance we meet with also in the vegetable kingdom; the stems and blades of grass, wheat, and all kinds of corn, of reeds and rushes in this country, and the canes, bamboos, and similar plants of the tropics, are coated with silica, which forms a sort of external skeleton to these stems. In the bamboo, at times, is secreted so abundantly as to be deposited within the stem, near its joints, in a solid chalcedony-like mass, called Tabashier. Neither is it absent from the animal kingdom; for, although it is not met with, save in small quantities, in the higher scales of being, yet the shield-like coverings of some of the lowest varieties of animal life also consist exclusively of silica. Even of meteorites, those strange visitants of this world, excepting when they are solely metallic, silica is again the most abundant constituent. Combined with lime, barytes, or oxide of lead and an alkali, silica yields in the furnace the numerous varieties of glass, the use

of which is becoming so widely extended; but if the alkali alone be used, and in sufficient quantity, a glass is obtained which from its ready solubility is called *water-glass*.

Another mode of obtaining silica in solution is by suspending flints in a strong solution of caustic soda or potash, heated under pressure to 300° Fahrenheit, by which a thick glutinous compound, something between honey and soft-soap in appearance, is procured. This, when kneaded with sand, pressed into moulds, and the moulded articles dried and strongly burnt, forms a stone, possessing the characters of our most durable building-stones; and, from its quality of not shrinking, nor altering its shape in the furnace, gives all the fine lines of the mould, as true and sharp as if the moulded stone were fresh from the mason's chisel. This excellent invention was noticed in the CRITIC of Nov. 15, 1852, under the heading of "Ransome's Siliceous Stone;" since that time the manufacture has been greatly extended, and improved, so that, whether it be the kind used for filtering purposes, or the varieties employed for tessellated floors, and for interior or external decorative stonework, this artificial stone fully rivals, and for some purposes excels the natural stones adapted to these various purposes met with and employed in this country. More recently, Mr. Way has described a peculiar kind of sand, which dissolves in a caustic alkali at a boiling heat, without the pressure and temperature directed by Mr. Ransome to dissolve flint; and has thus placed in our hands another mode of obtaining this water-glass.

One proposed application of this soluble glass is, to protect building-stones from decay. In our terrible London atmosphere, charged as it is with acid and corroding gases, the surfaces of our stone buildings are rapidly defaced, and this is effected far more quickly than were they only exposed to the common influences of moisture, frost, and ordinary weather action. Some building-stones may resist this corroding atmosphere longer than others; but the calcareous and magnesian varieties, such as the oolites and dolomites, are sure to suffer. Now it has been thought that this destructive superficial action might be checked by saturating the surface with a solution of this water-glass. From the known fact that acids, even carbonic acid, will combine with the alkali of the water-glass, and thus set free its silica, it was anticipated, that the atmospheric carbonic acid combining with the alkali of this solution, would leave a gelatinous coating of silica surrounding every minute particle of which the stone is composed, and also fill up its pores, and interstices; and that this silica, gradually hardening, would protect the stone itself from further injury; whilst the carbonated alkali would, of course, be washed away in the rain. With the oolites and dolomites, and limestone, a further protective influence, from the formation of a silicate of lime, was looked for as the result of the use of water-glass. These expectations have not, however, been sanctioned by experience. Two fragments of Caen stone were exposed to the action of weather for five years; one having been washed with a solution of water-glass, the other in its original state; at the expiration of this period, both fragments presented the same appearance, the corrosion being equal.

A second suggestion has been to apply this water-glass to cement and mortar, to harden and render them impermeable to water; but, with the hydraulic limestones at our command, this would be to substitute a questionable improvement for a proved and successful one. Still there is a modification of an application of this solution, recommended by Anthon of Prague, which it strikes me might prove of value in many of our over-crowded districts, where the plaster of the rooms, in which the lowest orders of our poor are huddled together, does its part to no inconsiderable degree in absorbing the animal and decomposing effluvia emitted in these districts, and in retaining the fever-taint which thence results. Moreover, in the cellars and lower rooms, the walls, it is well known, are frequently running down with the putrid drainage from the upper soil, and intensifying the evil. Now it is most probable that much of this evil would be arrested by the use of a solution of this water-glass as the liquid medium of whitewash; and that, after two or three whitewashings with this mixture, the plaster walls would be completely coated with a thin sheet, as it were, of stone, silicate of lime, equally impenetrable by vapours and water, and which, after the expiration of a few months, might be washed with soap and water without injury to its surface—rather, indeed, to its benefit as an impermeable covering; and thus the health and cleanliness of the dwellings of these poor people would be materially improved, and at a very slight cost.

The special purpose, however, to which this water-glass has been successfully applied is the stereochromy of Fuchs, who has seized upon the mutual decomposition occurring between this solution and lime when brought into contact and thus forming an insoluble cement, to apply it to the process of fresco-secco painting, of which the *Stereochrome* is a modification, and by means of which paintings on any required scale may be executed. Besides the great advantages in manipulation which the stereochrome possesses over true fresco, it further enjoys those of admitting of being retouched, of dispensing with joinings, and of freedom from injury by exposure to

damp and atmospheric action, so hurtful to frescoes. The process is a very simple one. The wall to be painted is coated with a mixture of clean sand and a very little lime. When this surface is dry enough to be rubbed off by the fingers, its external coat having been previously scraped off, it is to be fixed, i. e. moistened with a solution of water-glass, which is done with a brush, plasterers' fashion. If the wall has been too strongly *fixed*, i. e. too much water-glass used, the surface must be ground off with pumice, until the artist obtains a surface adapted for taking his colours. The wall is now allowed to dry. When the painter sets to work, he squirts distilled water on the part where he intends to paint, which, moistening, fits it for receiving his colours. If he wishes to repaint any part, he has but to moisten again with his squirt. When the picture is completed, it is syringed over with water-glass, and the wall allowed to dry. It is afterwards syringed again to wash it, so long as a wet sponge removes any colour, and the efflorescence of carbonate of soda washed off from time to time, till it ceases to appear. This efflorescence, which, if manifested even in the slightest possible degree, will, in dry and warm weather, completely obscure a painting, seems the most probable stumbling-block to the success of this pretty process; since the exudation is apt to recur, again and again, when a soda salt is incorporated with a cement.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

The opening of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, is a matter of which it may be well expected we should take serious notice in our present monthly review of architecture; and assuredly it is suggestive of much curious consideration in respect to the peculiar spirit which is characteristic of our time. That spirit may be described as essentially of speculative enterprise, having for its object the excitement of wondering curiosity, and the gratification of it by means which may secure to the speculators a good return for their money. To this end there is an assumed enthusiasm for art, science, and manufacture, for natural history and monumental antiquity, for retrospective "worship of the great of old," and for an acute sensibility to the romance of the present. To make use of an old pun (by Sheridan, we believe), the Crystal Palace is, iron-ically speaking, the greatest thing which has yet addressed the "wonder-wounded" observers of the earth. The "seven wonders of the world" are at length eclipsed by the eighth; and the mighty temples of the Pharaohs yield (speaking as aforesaid) to the monster-toy of the Paxton. The architects of the day could do nothing: a floriculturist, practised in the erection of conservatories, brings his fruitful thoughts to bear upon the simple *necessities* of the case, and flings his lineal miles of iron and acres of glass over such a single space as was never covered, save by heaven's canopy, before!

A sudden division of tongues confused the builders of Babel, and so arrested its completion; but all the tongues of the civilised earth have been harmoniously united at Sydenham, to produce a whole in which, "though all things differ, all agree." Upon the deluge of time floats the huge ark of the gardener; compared with that of Noah was but a cock-boat; and we are rather surprised that a full sized model of the wooden Leviathan of the patriarch is not stowed away in some spare corner of the crystal Colossus.

We have said in what sense the Sydenham structure is the "greatest" thing in the world. It may, perhaps, with equal truth, be paradoxically called the smallest. It is *small*,—as a cube foot of water in comparison with the lake in which the building's huge superfluities are mirrored. It is *large*,—as the bubble or soap-bladder in comparison with the particle of solid water of which it is formed. The logical deduction, therefore, is that it is *rarely small*. In short, the contemplation of the Crystal Palace involves such antagonist principles of right and wrong, largeness and littleness—such conflicting feelings of admiration and objection, of pride and fear, that we may almost say with Bassanio, "There is such confusion in our powers, that every something turns to a wild of nothing, expressed and not expressed."

It is unquestionably right that the purpose of the building, as best adapted to the exhibition of its contents, should be entirely considered; and we can scarcely award sufficient praise to the perfect manner in which this has been accomplished: but we have a feeling of something as wrong, when we observe that a building, which of all others should manifest by the expression of unassailably solidify its enduring and protective character, is, in appearance at least, so frangible in skeleton and so frail in skin. The Hyde Park prototype challenged no such criticism, because it professed to be nothing more than a temporary shed for a passing occasion; but the Sydenham building arises as the permanent realisation of the substantial thing, which a former experiment only signified; and, therefore, we feel that, in being only the *same* thing, it is associated with the same sentiment of evanescence. It is regarded, like the former,

as a gigantic and fairylike appearance, which, "coming like a shadow, will so depart." In the very largeness of its scale, we see the smallness of its strength, inasmuch as the greater the attenuation and expansion of its fibres and superficies, the more it resembles the swelling soap-bubble, "which never ceaseth to enlarge itself till by broad-spreading it disperses to naught." We are, of course, only speaking sentimentally. Practically, the structure in question, under the watchful care of the painter and glazier, may last till the Emperor of Russia requires the site for more ambitious purposes than the innocent amusement of a free people. At the same time, we could have desired—if the building is to be regarded as a piece of architecture—that it had not been so wholly independent of the marble and stone quarries. Admirable as a glass-case for the reception of all the delicate fabrics of the new world, it must be critically objectionable as the final monument of "dead empires"—as the receptacle of those reliques which, received from the remote past, it would preserve to the distant future—as, in short, the Temple of temples, the majestic protector, who appears at length to arrest the continued ravages of time, and to perpetuate undimmed to ever-present beholders the objects of ever-lengthening retrospect. Yet, again, we look with pride on the wondrous edifice, as the unequalled result of our popular enterprise, projective daring, and scientific skill; and we are prompted to acknowledge that any change from the external character of the design, or from its material and mode of construction, must have deteriorated from its internal suitability. Reconciled to this, we are again fearful lest the solid grandeur of stone and marble, with all their sculptural beauties, should yield to the skeleton forms of iron castings; all the grandeur of weight, fulness, and breadth being sacrificed to a kind of miracle-strength in lightness;—just as the noble animal, the horse, is reduced to a machine of bone and sinew, for an especial purpose, hostile to the beauty of its natural form, motion, and development.

Assuredly, the readiest way to justify the crystal palace as a structure of unassailable merit is still to regard it as of temporary pretension, though left in confident trust that a permanent existence will be secured to it by an unflinching succession of interest. The building is, in truth, as fixed and enduring an example of construction as the Southwark-bridge, or the chain and tubular bridges over the Menai Straits; and if—viewing it as a piece of architecture—it is estimated as a specimen of provisional engineering—as an awning, a conservatory, a shed, a tent, or what you will—we feel that the smile of contempt would not be ill bestowed upon the cavalier who might refuse to admit its worth, as the thing wanted, because it has no merits in common with the things that have been hitherto required. All we know is this: the architects of Europe had done their best, in their own way; and, as an English gardener did much better in his, we are presume that this was the exceptional case, which set at naught all conventional precedent, and was only to be freely met by some inventive genius unshackled with academical restrictions.

In reference to our regret at the entire and sole use of iron, we must consider that the same amount of light and space obtainable in a building of stone would have involved the necessity of vastly increased size, and more than equally augmented cost. In short, if we were to follow up the question progressively in detail, there is no doubt but we should (however involuntarily) induce the conclusive decision, that the Sydenham structure could not have been essentially other than it is, without losing far more than it might have gained by such variation. Huge as it is, it exhibits the minimum of capacity in relation to the treasures it contains; and, enormous as the cost must be, it is doubtless the most economically executed of all the great works which contribute to the importance of our country.

In giving our best eulogy to the Crystal Palace in regard to its general design and practical merits, we still reserve the opinion we long ago expressed, that a few thousand pounds would have been well expended in giving a more solid and ornate finish to the external angles of the building. The box, or caddy-like appearance of the projecting masses, as they now appear, is poor in respect to effect, and suggestive of fragility. This would have been remedied by the application of bold minarets at the outer angles of the lower stories, and by smaller pinnacles to the angles of each successive rise. This, if we remember rightly, has been adopted at the New York building; and, undoubtedly, it would have greatly advanced the architectural character of that at Sydenham. The suspension-bridge, now erecting across the Thames at Chelsea, is an instance, at least of the attempt, so to employ iron, as to afford the apparent body of stone. We pass, however, no opinion at present on the manner in which this is doing at the bridge referred to. The proposed iron bridge at Westminster will also illustrate what may be done with iron, so that it may be made to assimilate and harmonise in character with the architecture of the Houses of Parliament.

Of course, the Crystal Palace is more peculiarly interesting to the architect from the several courts which illustrate the characteristics of Egyptian, Ninevian, Greek, Roman, Pompeian, Italian, Renaissance, Mediæval, Byzantine, and Moorish design. But surely there is a grand variety yet unnoticed;

and we trust Mr. Fergusson will be commissioned to furnish a *Hindu court*, with samples from Elephanta and Ellora. We observe an apparently unoccupied space opposite the Ninevah court; and this would be well appropriated to exemplify some of the sculptural splendours of Kylas and the rock temples of India. The projectors, however, have done enough already to win the grateful acknowledgments and to deserve the unstinted support of their country. Another illustration has been afforded of the extraordinary spirit which stimulates Englishmen, in their privately associated combinations, to do what in other countries is the work of governments empowered by means of tyranny or taxation.

To remove from things of great scale to things of great importance, we leave the Palace of Sydenham for the *Healthy Homes* of Wm. Bardwell, an architect who, some seventeen years back, published a curious work (at once poetical, historical, critical, and practical), entitled "Temples, Ancient and Modern." In the book, or rather pamphlet, now under consideration, he goes into the subject of *Healthy Homes*, and *how to make them*, not only with architectural knowledge and artistic feeling, but with unusual enlightenment as to every matter collaterally bearing on the well-being of all who inhabit houses, from the Belgravian aristocrat to the "poor man out of work," who chooses rather to die of the malaria of Ewer-street than to live in a union-house. The writer manifests all the energy and enthusiasm which denote especially the man of poetic temperament; while his facts, statistics, provisional and remedial measures, attest his solid practical worth. There is, we fear, a prevalent idea that the poisons of town residence are confined to the localities occupied by the poor; but Mr. Bardwell's statements emphatically correct this dangerous error; and we earnestly recommend our best-lodged readers to peruse them for their own sake. For ourselves, we confess to the unpleasant fact that they have made us uncomfortable under the sense of what we have hitherto permitted, not only on our basement floor, but above stairs also; while we are grateful for the warning given, and for the instructions so plainly and directly afforded. The pamphlet is illustrated by plans and woodcut details, and includes a full specification for a "healthy home."

ART AND ARTISTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE—FINE ART COURTS.

ART is essentially a thing of growth; it passes from stage to stage of development, never remaining long in one phase; from rude beginnings it grows into excellence, and then, having attained a maximum point, it advances only towards decadence, and at length dissolves and dies, to reappear perhaps ages after in a new form and body. This fact is illustrated by the series of Fine Art Courts in the Crystal Palace, which have been admirably arranged, so as to show the progress of architecture and sculpture, from their first rise in the valley of the Nile, down nearly to our own days. The whole of the ramifications which these arts have taken are certainly not represented; of some offshoots nearly all traces have perished, as, for instance, the Carthaginian and the Jewish. The omission of Indian art, of which there are abundant remains, is an important one, and which we should be glad to see supplied. The arts of Eastern Asia, and of Central America, are apparently independent growths, and therefore are properly omitted from the mighty series which takes its rise with the Egyptians.

The genealogy of art is as follows:—It had its birth in Egypt, where the most ancient specimens remaining are the Pyramids, the stateliest monuments humanity has yet produced. The earliest statue which we know of is the colossal Sphinx. It is evident, however, that these were not the first efforts of art: it must have passed through many successive stages before arriving at this degree of perfection; but of these all record is lost. The kings who built the Pyramids and the Sphinx were followed by a glorious line of monarchs ruling at Thebes, under whom Egyptian art rose to its highest point of excellence in the thirteenth and twelfth centuries B.C. From that period a gradual declension took place. From the Egyptian of this purest period arose, as pointed out by Mr. Samuel Sharpe, in the "Handbook to the Egyptian Court," four principal schools, which are classed broadly as—1. The Ethiopic; 2. The later Egyptian; 3. The Assyrian; 4. The Greek. Of these the Greek is the only one which advanced to high and absolute perfection. The others, though not without a certain character and growth of their own, exhibited rather a retrograde than a progressive course. Examples of them may be studied in the Crystal Palace. The Assyrian is the most important offshoot; and the Greek seems to have sprung up under the joint influence of Assyria and Egypt. Roman art is the child of the Greek; but the mother long survived to exercise a parental influence over the child. The so-called Roman sculpture belongs as much to Greece as to Rome. Byzantium was the grave of both, and here we find a new and original growth; that in which we call Byzantine art sprang up with faint traces only of its parentage. It was a hardy seedling, destined

to grow and become a mighty tree. It spread through Asia and Europe, and its descendants are the Saracenic and Gothic styles, a noble pair, in which elegance and cultivation are added to the fine honest qualities of their parent. Both came to perfection about the same time, namely, about the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

In the fifteenth century, the resurrection of classical art took place in Europe, and the consequence was a hybrid birth, something neither Gothic nor classical—what we call Renaissance. Its features were different in different countries; sometimes graceful, sometimes monstrous. It was destined only to a short existence, and was followed by a studied revival of Roman art. This revived art itself, however, was doomed to decadence, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries assumed all imaginable forms of hideousness. In our own days we have seen revived Greek, revived Roman, revived Gothic; but none of them give us much solid satisfaction, from the perception that they are but spectres, or at best the galvanized dead bodies of extinct creations. The Sydenham Palace of Glass, rudimentary as we must still consider it in an architectural sense, probably affords more solid gratification, even to the mind saturated with a knowledge of the past, than all the Italian club-houses in Pall-mall, or the Gothic restorations which abound on every side, from the feeling that it is a living child, the child of the world's old age indeed, but not on that account less beloved. It affords us a pleasing kind of proof that the human mind has not yet lost its creative power in art; it gives hope of posterity, after we had been almost reduced to content ourselves with disinterring and fondling the remains of earlier art. From the contents of the palace, and particularly the courts devoted to the fine arts, we cannot but anticipate prodigious effects. They will be seen cursorily and carelessly by thousands; but by numbers they will also be carefully studied, not without profit. It is by experience and comparison that the eye and taste are educated; and the examples which are here placed side by side are calculated to call out the discriminative faculties in the highest degree. When a large mass of the cultivated classes have become connoisseurs, so as to have a real judgment and opinion of their own upon the merits or demerits of a building or a statue, then at length we may hope to see national monuments of which we may be sincerely proud.

We propose to take a more particular view of these courts and their contents, beginning with the Egyptian. The visitor who goes for the purpose of doing something more than passing an idle morning in vacant admiration, will provide himself with the handbook to any court which he proposes to study. These excellent little books can hardly be praised too highly, having been drawn up by men the best acquainted in England with the subjects which they have undertaken to illustrate.

The Egyptian court consists of a group of chambers, imitated from models of various ages, so as to illustrate the progressive stages of architectural art. The earliest phase is represented by the model of a tomb at Beni-hassan, where we find the simple many-sided column which seems to have been the type and original of the Grecian Doric. Then we have the Court of Amenoph III., belonging to the most perfect period of Egyptian art. It was in this reign that statuary attained the highest excellence which it ever arrived at in Egypt, for grace of proportion and dignity of expression. To this period belong the lions couchant which form an avenue from the Egyptian Court to the nave, taken from the original pair of red granite in the British Museum. Somewhat later, but hardly perceptibly inferior in excellence, are the works of the time of Rameses II., of the twelfth century B.C., according to Mr. Sharpe. The dates, by the way, of these old kings are yet matter of disagreement among antiquaries; but their relative positions in history may be considered tolerably well settled. The two colossal statues in the north transept belong to this king, the greatest monarch Egypt ever saw, and who was known to the Greeks of later times under the name of Sesostris. Power and resolute dignity are the ideas embodied in these works. The former idea is expressed by physical magnitude alone; the latter by calm, fixed rigidity of attitude. In the relief which represents the conquests of Rameses the simple expedient of magnifying the king's body is resorted to, to express his superiority over his enemies. The proportions of these gigantic statues are objected to. They are too short in the back. Whether this was the result of intention, or a want of taste on the part of the designer, is not easily determined. As we descend to the later periods of Egyptian art, a tendency to anatomical development takes place, which, without at all arriving at the truth of nature, loses the grace of the conventional outlines of the earlier period. The statues, forsaking their impossible sitting position, now begin to stand erect, to put one leg before another, stretch out the arms, and otherwise show tendencies towards action. It is highly interesting to compare these specimens with those of the Assyrian and early Greek schools. With regard to the general effect of the architectural restorations in the Egyptian Court, the visitor will recollect that most of them are on a scale of magnitude far inferior to the originals. Hence much of the

An English version of *Le Courier de Lyons* was brought out at the PRINCESS's on the occasion of Mr. Kean's benefit. It is an exciting tale of horrors from the *Causes Célèbres*. About the end of the last century, a courier proceeding from Lyons to Paris with a large sum of money in his possession was waylaid and murdered. Suspicion fell upon a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who was tried and executed for the supposed crime; but soon after, the real murderer was discovered in the person of a man possessing an extraordinary resemblance to the victim. It is an interesting fact that when the piece founded upon this incident was produced at the *Gaîté* in 1850, with the hero under an assumed name, his descendants wrote to the authors, giving them full liberty to use it, since the guilt of their unfortunate ancestor had been so completely refuted. When we went to see this piece we honestly confess we expected to be bored; for circumstantial evidence, as a field for plots, ought to be getting a little threadbare by this time; and we have a wholesome dread of the *Maid-and-Magpie*-esque—but Mr. Reade has made capital drama of it, and to our taste made a great improvement in the French plot by saving *Lesurgues*, who, however, is not saved till the very last minute, so that no dramatic effect is lost. Mr. Kean played both parts—*Dubuse*, the robber-chief, and *Lesurgues*, the accused murderer—and such a rich bit of magnificent acting we have not seen for many a day. The rapidity of the changes, both of costume and character, was perfectly marvellous, and must be seen to be appreciated. The house, honoured by the presence of her Majesty and the Prince, was very full, and rarely have we seen an audience watch with such thrilling interest the development of a plot. The curtain fell amidst the most enthusiastic applause.

They have made a sad mess of Halévy's *Juive* at the SURREY—changed the Jew into a bass, instead of the orthodox tenor; got up a Highland broad-sword fight in one of the best scenes; and, by way of a climax, actually introduced a regular John Bull hornpipe into the ballet. May Halévy forgive you, Miss Romer! we can't. But, with all these attractive baits for a Surrey audience, we don't think it will draw. It is a heavy opera; and two or three years ago, when brought out at the Royal Italian Opera by Mr. Bunn, with all the gorgeousness and *mis en scène* possible, it created slight sensation.

There has been a novel importation from Australia in the shape of an actor, who made his *début* at the HAYMARKET on Monday in aid of the Fund for the Wives and Children of the Soldiers serving in the East. His performance of the *Maire*, in the *Young King*; and of *Crack*, in the *Turnpike-gate*, was very racy, and gave great satisfaction to a numerous audience. Actors of Mr. Coppin's stamp must be so scarce in Sydney that we wonder they allowed him to leave.

Mr. Robson has taken his benefit at the OLYMPIC—to all appearance a very satisfactory one—in the immortal "Villikins." Perhaps no actor, within the same amount of time, ever afforded the public so much genuine fun and amusement.

Miss Arabella Goddard's Concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, was not only one of the best of the season, but we are happy also to add one of the best attended. Considering the high classical standard of Miss Goddard's selection, we think the fact a significant sign of improving taste. The programme, comprising Beethoven's Concerto in G, Mendelssohn's Serenade, and in selections from Mayer, Kullak, and Chopin, was a brilliant one. Without possessing the florid display of Thalberg, Miss Goddard may justly claim a place in the very first rank of pianists. For elaborate execution and, if we may be allowed the expression, refined *intellectuality* of interpretation, she has no rival in the English school. Miss Dolby sang the *Addio* in her usual excellent style.

His Majesty the King of Portugal, attended by his brother the Duke of Oporto and suite, have visited the Exhibition of Madame Tussaud during the past week.

VINCENTE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMLET'S "SUIT OF SABLES."
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—Mr. Wightwick's lucid explanation of Hamlet's "suit of sables" ought perhaps to satisfy the most fastidious critic, and overcome the scruples of the warmest defender of the text of Shakspeare. I, for one, am ready to tender Mr. Wightwick my best thanks for his correction of this single word upon evidence which "bears the undoubted stamp of authenticity." Yet I should have been glad if Mr. Wightwick had carried his inquiry a step further, and told us that SABELLS (*flame-coloured*) were identical with WEDDING GARMENTS. I think that with this additional link Hamlet's subtle sarcasm on the marriage of his mother "before the funeral baked meats were cold," might then be fully appreciated, and the meaning of Shakspeare thoroughly understood: "Let the devil wear black (mourning), for I'll have a suit of sabels," (i. e. gay wedding garments.)

I rejoice to find that Shakspeare is in such good hands, and hope that Mr. Wightwick will occasionally vary his successful Readings by criticising the "amendments" lately attempted to be introduced into the text of Shakspeare.

I am sir, yours, &c.
Crito.

HAMLET'S "SUIT OF SABLES."
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—This morning's post has placed in my hands your remarks on the word "sables," as it occurs in Hamlet. I entirely agree with you that the straining after its meaning by the commentators has been a failure. These hounds have hunted on a wrong scent. You have given the right interpretation to this long-disputed expression; it is truly a colour which is designated by this word; not a substance or matter. If I am not much mistaken, I can take you a step further in your investigation; and with that view now offer a derivation of the word "sable," or "sabell," or—more accurately than either—"sabell."

Those who are obliged to be very nice in their description of colours—as, for example, ornithologists and silk manufacturers—are familiar with the old name of a colour—"isabelline colour," which may be described as a fawn, a good deal heightened with red. It is not precisely flame-colour, but as near it as the generality of people (your old friend Henry Peacham evidently among the number), who in describing colours seldom make more than an approach to accuracy, might be expected to go. The feathers of the tail *proper* of the peacock—not the splendid tail-coverts—furnish an example of it. The appellation came to us from the French: "couleur d'isabelle." You will see at a glance that this word, deprived of its first letter, which it would be under the simplest form of corruption, is the very word so long sought after, "sabell." This colour in silks has been often in fashion and forgotten again, like many others. With ornithologists it is a standard colour; and Meyer, a German ornithologist of great celebrity, has actually designated a bird by it. Thus Temminck: *Court-vite "isabelline."*

Curtorius "isabellinus" (Meyer).

Front, parties inférieures, cou, dos, queue, et couvertures alaires, d'un roux "isabelle." "Les jeunes de l'année ont les parties supérieures d'un "isabelle" beaucoup plus clair que les vieux."

I apprehend this definition is past all dispute, and puts an end to the thousand and one commentaries to which Shakspeare's expression has given rise. Who the Princess Isabella was, and the occasion of her name being immortalised in this manner, may not be recorded in print; but I append a private note, which will let you more particularly into this ancient secret.

I am sir, yours, &c.

EDW. BURTON.

Brooklyn, near Maidstone, June 16, 1854.

ANOTHER STITCH TO HAMLET'S "SUIT OF SABLES" (Act iii. sc. 2.)
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—Mr. Wightwick's note on this vexed passage is very ingenious, and will doubtless gain many champions. I would strengthen his explanation by a guess at the exact meaning and probable derivation of the term "sabell colour, i. e. flame-colour," in this form doubtless obsolete, but which, I suspect, yet lurks among us in a more modern dress as *sandy*. We still familiarly employ this word "sandy" in speaking of the bright yellowish-red hair so frequent with ourselves, more frequent with our Scottish cousins. "Sandy hair," "sandy whiskers," are terms yet to be heard denoting that complexion of hair, the reputed beauty of which died with the Tudors, precisely resembling in tint the pretty bright yellowish-red sand met with in abundance near London, which many of our spruce livery-stable keepers daintily scatter at the entrance to their yards, and which is also still to be found on the "sanded floor" of the humbler sort of ale-houses in the retired villages of the metropolitan counties.

This "sabell-colour" or "flame-colour" of H. Peacham is, to my mind, obviously derived from the French *sable* (sand); and "sabell-colour" (sabell-colour) is our "sandy-red," a term, with the exceptions just noted, now dying out. Johnson, in his Dictionary (ed. 1785), has "Sable, *adj.* (Fr.) black; a word used by heralds and poets." And this is now the sole meaning of the word, excepting when applied to the fur, from which he evidently presumes the present significance to have been derived. He also quotes Peacham on *Blazoning*, doubtless the same writer on whose authority Mr. Wightwick relies:

"Sable is worn by great personages, and brought out of Russia, being the fur of a little beast of that name, esteemed for the excellency of the colour of the hairs, which are very black. Hence sable, in heraldry, signifies the black colour in gentlemen's arms."

Johnson derives the name of the fur from the *zibella*, which doubtless is a mere Latinism for the German *zobel*; the Russian *sobol*, and Swedish *sabell*; our *sable*.

Whether Mr. Wightwick's ingenious solution "will at once set this long-disputed matter perfectly and most satisfactorily at rest," may admit of a little more doubt than can possibly enter the mind of a Shakspearian commentator respecting the conclusive nature of any comment or new reading to which he may have been led by his industry or ingenuity; this common foible is both a pleasant and a harmless one, if he will but extend the same indulgence to his fellows. I must own that, although I gladly lend Mr. Wightwick this little prop, if he think it one, to his hypothesis, I still fancy Warburton has hit the right nail on the head. The word "for" under any other view, is worse than superfluous—positively weakening the expression; and Shakspeare is not given to washiness. If "a suit of sables" mean a bright red dress, would "for" ever have been written? Would not the sentence have run thus?—

"Nay, then, let the devil wear black; I'll have a suit of sables." *Sabells*, i.e. red-clothes.

But the "for" is both requisite and emphatic, if we adopt the Bishop's reading.

"Nay, then let the devil wear black, *for* I'll have a suit of sables." *Sables*, i.e. black-clothes.

Putney, June 24, 1854. J. DENHAM SMITH.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.—Never was there a time when strong speaking seemed so likely to be unsuccessful as now, and never was there a time which in reality (though rather under the rose) so welcomes it as now. Without culture, accomplishment, reflective power, originality, or suggestiveness, the Rev. George Gilfillan has grown to be a notability, simply by speaking in his own way. George is now on the fair way to a reputation, for he is being abused by everybody, and that is the next best (or worst) thing to being praised by everybody. It was Maccall who said of him what was quoted the other day in some notice of him in the *Athenaeum* by David Masson: "He thinks himself a great painter because he paints with a big brush!"—*Manchester Advertiser*.

AMERICAN STATESMEN.—Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer in very moderate circumstances. Henry Clay, of a poor backwoods preacher. Martin Van Buren was too poor in youth to obtain a tolerable education; and it had been said of him in reproach that he sold cabbages around the village of Kinderhook. Andrew Jackson was an orphan at an early age, and was left penniless, with nothing but his own efforts to aid him. Governor Vance, of Ohio, had been a plain farmer through life, and entered that state as a pioneer, with an axe on his shoulder and very little in his pocket. Joseph Ritner, former Governor of Pennsylvania, served his time with a farmer as a regular bound apprentice, after which he for several years drove a wagon from Philadelphia to Pittsburg.

Dr. Jamieson was the first person who introduced the umbrella into Glasgow; this was in the year 1782. He brought it from Paris, and when he commenced unfurling it on our streets, crowds of people followed him in amazement at the spectacle. About the year 1786 an attempt was made to manufacture umbrellas by Mr. John Gardner, father of the present Mr. Gardner, optician.—"Senez," in the *Glasgow Herald*.

LIBRARIES FOR REPUBLICANS.—An American periodical gives the following list of libraries "other than private in the United States":

Public	1,217	Number of vols.	1,446,015
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College	213	"	942,321
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No. Copies printed annually.	
Daily	254
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Weekly	1,902
Tri-Monthly	95
Monthly	100
Quarterly	19

Total number of copies printed annually ... 426,409,978

Character.

Literary and Misc.	568	Religious	191
Neutral and Indep.	83	Scientific	53
Political	1,630		

Copies printed annually.

Literary and Misc.	77,877,276	Religious	33,645,484
Neutral and Ind.	88,023,953	Scientific	4,893,932
Political	221,844,133		

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ainsworth's (W. H.) <i>Fletch of Bacon</i> , Illust. 12mo. 5s. cl.	
Austin's (Mrs.) <i>Germany from 1760 to 1814</i> , post 8vo. 12s. cl.	
Bakewell's (F. G.) <i>Geology for Schools and Students</i> , 8vo. 2s. cl.	
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Biographical Magazine, Vol. V. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.	
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